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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL OF THE AMERICAN BOARD AGAINST SLAVERY.

It has been announced that a new slave State is to be presented for admission into the Union, embracing the territory of the Choctaws and Cherokees, under the teachings of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It would seem that those teachings have had not a little influence in bringing about this event, and consequently a most serious question presents itself as to the attitude and responsibility of the Board in this matter. Shall the Board continue its connection and its patronage, its sanction of slave law, its authorization and confirmation of all the abominations of slavery, embraced under its supervision as a Christian domestic institution, of such a nature, that the Board cannot interfere with it?

And if the contemplated transfiguration of this Christianized Indian community into a slave State be carried to its completion, will the relation of the Board to such a transformation be considered honorable to Christianity, and can the result be recorded as a tribute to the influence of missions, that will meet the approbation and delight of the Redeemer? Shall a great and venerable Christian association such as this be found standing godfather at the introduction of a new State, directly from beneath its own Christian discipline and instruction, into that family of States that maintain the iniquity of slavery as their chosen and perpetual policy, their most sacred domestic life, the fountain of their jurisprudence, and the culmination of their missionary benevolence? Has the American Board, for so many years, been the schoolmaster of these Indians only to lead them to Christ as a State rooted and grounded in the maintenance of a system of abominations more oppressive and unrighteous than the offspring of any organized system of oppression and of evil the world ever saw?

Are the Churches that love the Board for Christ's sake prepared to contemplate, without anguish and shame, the possibility of such a consummation? But if the shame and the evil of such an event are to be avoided, or if the disastrous influence of the connection of the American Board with it, and the stain from such an influence, and its reproach upon the cause of missions and of truth, are to be prevented, there is no time to be lost. The Choctaw and Cherokee Churches, trained into subjection by the slaveocracy, and held down under a net-work of despotic slave-law, are going over this cataract: and if the American Board would not be found in company, accessory before the fact, when they take this plunge, then it is time that they should leave the ship and the nets, and follow their Savior. A little longer delay, a little farther compromise with this sin, and it will be too late, even for repentance. Long ago the Board might, with great power and dignity, and with great effect, have protested against the iniquity and the evil; but the time when such a protest might have been efficacious is rapidly passing away; and if the Board do not act speedily, and act in the right direction, then, when compelled to act, it will be but the unavailing confession of regret and shame.

It is time the subject were taken at once into anxious investigation. We shall mention some of the considerations that combine to throw the burden of this responsibility on the mind and conscience of the Board with most painful and impressive weight and urgency. Involving, as it does, the continued complicity of the Churches with a great sin, or their prompt and definite rebuke of it, the matter is before the Churches and the Board as one of the most important subjects that can demand their attention. If the Board continue to reject it entirely from their deliberations, as a thing with which they have nothing to do, then there are many Churches that will be constrained to ask, What *have* they to concern themselves with, under the sun, either of sin or misery, to which the Gospel must be applied, if it be not this wickedness?

1. The business is legitimately before them. It lies now on the record as an unfinished business, demanding, for the sake of the principles involved, as well as the results impending, an immediate and final decision. Any inaction of the Board, longer continued, is becoming more and more a positive and pernicious action. Any negative position of the Board, that sets them in the support and sanction of slaveholding laws and slaveholding Churches, is every year more injurious, and wantonly unnecessary and imprudent.

2. The responsibility is *now* upon them, of free, righteous and useful action. Sooner or later, action will have to be taken. Shall it be taken wisely, voluntarily, to accomplish some definite good, or unwillingly, despairingly, under mere compulsion of inevitable evil? The responsibility is upon them, and upon them now?

3. By applying now the principles of God's Word, the truth of God, as supreme and decisive, in the judgment of a known sin, a great good may be wrought out, and good men will be strengthened, and their hearts encouraged, in resting on the Word of the Lord in the great conflict against the progress of this iniquity in our land. The position and influence of the Board are such, as yet, that a movement in the right direction would effect a great and beneficial change, would animate faith, would call forth prayer, would rally many that are wavering and despondiug, would remove reproach, would honor God and his word, giving it free course to be glorified, and opening for it an utterance where there are many adversaries. The opportunity of such good lying in the direct line of duty, so that only by subterfuge, sophistry, or absolute refusal and retreat, it can be avoided, certainly the great principle of God's Word comes into application with the Board, just as with an individual, To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.

4. The direct, positive and palpable nature of the connection of the Churches under the American Board in the Choctaw and Cherokee territory with slavery, and their submission to its laws, forbid the continuance of the Board in such relation. It cannot be a righteous continuance, and any farther delay in bearing testimony against it must be an unrighteous delay. The complicity with evil, and the sanction of it, are in this case so gross that we have reason to apprehend the application by God himself of some of the many passages in his Word, the direct execution of the principles involved in which would overwhelm us with destruction. We have reason to apply the warning of a faithful prophet in a like case, "Shouldst thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from the Lord." The laws in support of slavery among the Choctaws and Cherokees are so oppressive, so inconsistent with Christianity, so evidently designed and contrived to fasten the system of slavery and make it perpetual, that any Christian Church, or Board of Churches, not protesting against them, but sanctioning and obeying them, take an attitude against God, and become inevitably instrumental in building up and perpetuating this remorseless and stupendous wickedness.

5. The nature of these laws, and the tenor of the Word of God when examined in regard to them, demand an immediate protest in reprobation of them, and a Christian action, so far as possible, against them. We are commanded to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather to rebuke them; it is not enough silently to withdraw from them, or avoid them, at the same time avoiding all expression of opinion, but it is our duty to remonstrate and rebuke. But if we do not only refrain from the utterance of God's Word against them, but enter into a partnership under them, a compromise acknowledging their validity and justice, this is treason against our Savior and the Gospel, and brings a reproach upon the truth, that no counter profession or testimony can remove. The laws are such that they only need be quoted to fill the Churches with shame that our common Christianity should so long have been compelled to bear the sin and disgrace of sanctioning them. But when we remember that the slave code is everywhere essentially the same, with all its bitter, antichristian and infinitely cruel principles, and that when these professedly Christian communities shall come into the American Union as a slave State, under the religious tuition of the American Board, the slave code, with additional clamps and securities, will be supreme; and at the same time remember what a legitimate, admirable opportunity has been given to the Board, by the existence of such enormities in Churches under its supervision, to have taken up these laws, and in the sight of all Christendom examined them in the light of God's Word, and pronounced upon their wickedness a sentence that should have gone to the very heart of the slave system itself; and yet what increased and progressive power the system and its laws have been gaining by the policy of silence—we feel that the Board have been guilty, both negatively and positively, of a great sin in admitting and practically sanctioning the whole of this wickedness and evil. Such neglect, any longer continued, would be inexcusable, would make us, with a high hand, and on a large scale, partakers of other men's sins. Among the laws are the following:

"*Be it enacted, etc.*, That from and after the passage of this act, if any citizen of the United States, acting as a missionary, or a preacher, or whatever his occupation may be, is found to take an active part in favoring the principles and notions of the most fatal and destructive doctrines of abolitionism, he shall be compelled to leave the nation and forever stay out of it.

"*Be it further enacted, etc.*, That teaching slaves how to read, to write, or to sing in meeting-houses or schools, or in any other place, without the consent of the owner, or allowing them to sit at table with him, shall be sufficient ground to convict persons of favoring the principles and notions of abolitionism."

With these laws are coupled enactments against emancipating any negro slave, except by the General Council, and banishing every such emancipated negro from the nation, providing also for the public sale of such negro or negroes, if they shall at any time return into the nation; free negroes, unconnected with Chocktaw or Chickasaw blood and violating the law exiling them from the nation, are to be seized and sold to the highest bidder for life. The concealment or protection of any such free negro to be punished by a fine of $250 to $500, or, in case of inability to pay, the infliction of fifty lashes on the bare back. Among the Cherokees a law exists against teaching negroes to read or write, of such a nature that the American Board and its Missionaries could not possibly be faithful to God without exposing and denouncing its wickedness. It is as follows:

"*Be it enacted by the National Council*, That from and after the passage of this act, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons whatever to teach any free negro, or negroes, not of Cherokee blood, or any slave belonging to any citizen, or citizens, of the nation, to read or write. The penalty annexed to the violation of this enactment is a fine of $100 to $500, at the discretion of the Court."

6. The American Board, coming, in the discharge of its legitimate duties, in face of such laws, in antagonism of the very first principles of the Gospel against them, were bound, long since, to have confronted them with the authority of Jehovah, to have tried the power of the Word of God upon them, to have made the light of divine truth and love burn in exposure and rebuke of them. The instructions of the Word of God are plain in regard to this matter. "SHALL THE THRONE OF INIQUITY HAVE FELLOWSHIP WITH THEE, WHICH FRAMETH MISCHIEF BY A LAW?" We are not only forbidden to *obey* such laws, but commanded to *oppose* them, and it is plainly taught us that the wrath of God has more than once descended upon his own people for submitting to such wickedness and participating in it. For removing the bound of his law, and obeying wicked statutes, both princes and people of Israel and Judah were visited with repeated judgments, and at length utterly swept away. God declared that *for this particular wickedness* he would pour out his wrath upon them like water, and would be to them as a moth and as rottenness, "because they *willingly walked after the commandment*, oppressed and broken in judgment." "For the statutes of Omri are kept, and all the works of the house of Ahab, and ye walk in their counsels, that I should make thee a desolation, and the inhabitants thereof an hissing." Such statutes are the appropriate subjects of hissing and scorn, and ought to render the Christian Church and nation that endures, enforces and obeys them a byword of indignation and contempt among the nations.

The multitude of passages is so great, condemning this wickedness, and forbidding any allowance of it, that it passes our limits, in an article like this, even to advert to them. But the case of the Choctaws and Cherokees, as under the instructions of Christian missionaries putting such malignant and unchristian enactments into execution, against their colored brethren, although themselves professing to have been redeemed by the blood of Christ, reminds us of the thunders of God's wrath against Gaza, Tyre and Edom, as well as Israel and Judah, "because they remembered not the brotherly covenant, but pursued their brethren with the sword, and cast off all pity, and carried them captive, and confirmed the captivity." This selling of the righteous for silver is one of the ways in which God's own people are arraigned for despising the law of the Lord, and not keeping his commandments, but walking in their own statutes which they made, and in the lies which caused them to err; "which oppress the poor, which crush the needy, but say to their masters, Bring ye, and let us drink together."

Is all our piety debased and rotten, that under pretence of a righteous expediency it can sanction this? Is there no refuge safe, no Church nor missionary organization secure from the prevalence of such abominations, none that can be relied upon to stand in the gap for God against such iniquitous laws, practices, and examples? The woman Jezebel, who called herself a prophetess, and taught the servants of the Lord her doctrines, could have held few abominations worse than these, could have taught no fornication that slavery does not establish as a system. And the doctrine of the Nicolaitans could have been no worse than the doctrines and practices of this merchandize.

And then to think of the only tribes of Indians hopefully converted and civilized on all this continent being taught a slaveholding Christianity, being instructed and disciplined to the practice of slavery, and the enactment of such slave laws, under the auspices and missions of the New England Churches and the American Board!

To think of the abomination! To think of the treatment that almost all the Indian tribes in our immense territory have received, and are still receiving, and that these poor remnants are almost the only ones not shovelled away from the path of our civilization, or destroyed by it, as the stray beasts on the train of a great railroad are tossed off by the cow-catcher, and crushed by the wheels; and these reserved only to practice on others, by the Christianity and law that is taught *them*, a mischief and cruelty worse than they themselves have been spared! To think of the oppression, violence, fraud, extermination, against the whole aboriginal races of this country; the infinite tragedies of woe; the breaking of treaties on our part, and then making war upon the victims of such violation, because they have resented it; the making them drunk on maddening liquors, and then revenging against them the madness we have taught them; the withholding of their dues, and then launching regiments of soldiers against them, because they have simply demanded that of which we have defrauded them! To think of such horriole atrocities as those related by Mr. Giddings against the Seminole Indians, on account of their preference of freedom to slavery! To think of all this, and then to have to acknowledge that the only remnants of these races not exterminated by our violence or worn out by our vices, but civilized and formed into a Christian community, should have been at length introduced into this political confederacy as a slave State, and brought as such into this family of States under the tuition, education, discipline, auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions!

Who can contemplate the possibility of such a result without anguish? Especially in connection with the testimony of one of the most faithful missionaries of the Board, who was constrained by his sense of duty to the Savior and his truth to relinquish the mission among the Choctaws, because of the unimpeded progress of slavery there; his testimony that "the system was gaining strength and consolidating itself in proportion to the advancement of the people in Christianized life, and no influence whatever exerted by the mission to retard the accelerated increase of it." The consummation of this progress in the organization and Constitution of a new slave State would be a triumph of slavery over Christianity, supposing the American Board to have been instrumental in it, such as all the usefulness of the Board elsewhere could hardly balance. What would the lamented Jeremiah Evarts have said if, in the midst of his glowing predictions of the future destiny of the United States, on the supposition of the Church of Christ, accomplishing the work committed to her hands, the horrid vision of slavery as it now is had suddenly burst upon his mind, with a demonstration of the instrumentality of the Church herself in advancing it to the supremacy of dominion, above all law and religion, which it now occupies? What would he have felt, what could he have said, if he had been assured that the result even of his own indefatigable labors for the oppressed Indian Races would be, through the unfaithfulness of the Church to Christ and the Gospel, the preparation of a new slave State for our Union, under the very patronage of the American Board? Let no man say, This is impossible; but rather, let every man ask, What can be done to prevent it?—*Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, in The Independent.*

BRITISH ANTI-SLAVERY LAW.

COURT OF CHANCERY, LONDON.—Before the LORDS JUSTICES OF APPEAL.—Carter vs. Illide.—This was a bill filed praying the winding-up of the Imperial Brazilian Mining Association, established in 1825, under the direction of the Court, which has already by resolution been in course of winding-up voluntarily. The difficulty which required the intervention of the Court was this: That the existing assets of the company include a considerable number of slaves in Brazil, and the children in Brazil born of such slaves, which slaves were lawfully acquired, and they and their children are lawfully possessed as slaves by the company, according to the law of Brazil, where slavery is lawful. The company had not realized the value of these slaves, and it is alleged on their behalf that a doubt exists whether there is any mode of realizing such value which will not render the directors of the company liable to punishment according to English law. Mr. Selwin and Mr. W. D. Lewis were for the plaintiff. Mr. Bacon and Mr. Allbutt were for the defendants. The 6th section of the Act 6th and 7th of Victoria, cap. 98, passed in 1843, for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade, provides that nothing in that act contained should be taken to subject to any forfeiture, punishment, or penalty, any person for transferring or receiving any share in any joint-stock company established before the passing of that act, in respect of any slave or slaves in possession of such company before such time, or for selling any slave or slaves which were lawfully in his possession at the time of the passing of the act. Their Lordships at once made the order for the sale of the slaves; and after considering the terms of the act of Parliament, and saying that the framers of the act must have been aware that the children of slaves "follow the womb," added a direction of sale applicable to them. During the discussion, Lord Justice Knight Bruce asked if an Englishman went to Brazil, and bought an estate with slaves upon it, he would be guilty of an offence. Mr. Selwin answered that he would; for by the act of Parliament, any dealing or barter, or transfer of slaves, whether by purchase or sale, involved the penalty of felony. His Lordship also put the case of a benevolent man actually buying slaves for the purpose of manumitting them, and asked what would be his fate. Mr. Selwin apprehended that it would go hard with such an individual, for the words of the Act of Parliament were of a most sweeping description.

BRITISH RELATIONS WITH FOREIGN POWERS.

From The London Daily News, Aug. 12.

LET who will grumble at the Cherbourg celebration, and criticise its details, the people of England have reason to regard it in certain of its aspects with serene and cheerful satisfaction. We may or may not think it childish to fire away money in the shape of powder at the Cherbourg rate. We may or may not think the noise and smoke more of a nuisance than a delight. We may or may not sympathize with the pursuers of pleasure under difficulties when they tell us of heat and pressure, hunger and fatigue. All those matters are trifles in comparison with the real interest of the English in the transactions of last week. The reception given to the Royal family and the Ministers by the French Court, and the greetings accorded to the Queen, are at once a reward and an admonition to every true Briton who did his duty last winter. Without building too much on the Cherbourg demonstration as a guarantee or security in any way to the alliance, we are safe in saying that our position last week was a proud one—thanks to the true old English spirit manifested by the people six months ago. We have retrieved our position as to our independence and self-government: we have taught our neighbors, and through them all the world, the point beyond which we will yield nothing, and will permit no interference; we have preserved the sanctuary of our hospitality for strangers who need such a shelter; we have resisted foreign dictation in regard to our law-making; and the result is—not war, but an anxious and cordial invitation to peace. This is a result which should not only cause satisfaction and thankfulness, but instruct us how to proceed in every case of the same sort that may arise. A few months ago we were in danger of the worst humiliation, from the unpatriotic bearing of the late Ministry; and when that peril was overcome, by a very questionable substitution of a Cabinet, we still had much to bear in the way of menace, encroachment, insulting requirements, and injurious misrepresentation. Happily, the old English spirit lived in the heart of the nation as vigorous as ever, and, the occasion being strong enough to call it forth, it affirmed the principle and sustained the temper of our constitutional liberties, and won the day. The effect was seen in the reception of the English at Cherbourg. We did not pass Conspiracy or Alien bills nor condemn Bernard, nor try publishers and pamphleteers; and we remain masters of the situation; that is—for we have no other aim than holding our own, that we may spend our lives in our own way—we have asserted our will to manage our affairs in our own fashion; and we find ourselves respected accordingly. There can be no doubt that we have the sympathy of every true-hearted Frenchman in this. We should have lost much and gained nothing by letting the Palmerston-Clarendon Cabinet answer for us, or yield up anything in our name; and in proportion to the lowering of our neighbors' respect for us would have been the increase of danger to the peace. Everybody, on both sides the Channel, knows and feels now that the thing is done, the point settled, on which the chances of peace or war really and primarily hung; and it seems impossible that the crisis can recur, in any form, for a long time to come. It is known that there is no use in tampering with the Administration of the day, or in nibbling at our legislation, for the convenience of anybody who chooses to run the risk of dangerous methods of government. It is found that the easy-going people of England are always alert and alive on these matters, and the attempt to meddle with and perhaps even to bully us will not be made again in our time. We simply stood our ground; and now we are left in honored possession of it.

Half the benefit and blessing of this result will be lost if we do not take encouragement from it to extend the same method to other cases. This is the practical lesson derivable from the reception of England by France at Cherbourg. There are thousands, nay millions, of Americans as gallant in their sympathy with our gallantry as the best order of Frenchmen. The mass of the American people will be with us in heart if we assert the anti-slavery policy of our country with the same spirit which has sustained our political hospitality, and our liberty of the press. We must strengthen our American alliance, and improve the chances of permanent peace by a thorough steadiness in our anti-slave trade principles, however conciliatory we may be in regard to such methods as do not involve the object. We now see how bitter was the disappointment of our real allies in the United States when they understood (by a natural mistake) that we had surrendered our anti-slavery policy. We now see how thankful they are to learn (as they are doing by slow degrees) that we have surrendered nothing that belonged to our position as the leaders of the anti-slavery policy of the world. We now see how their federal rulers are bound to provide against the abuse of the national flag; and how our aid is needed, and is asked, and will be valued, if we respond to the call in a spirit worthy of the occasion. We have had to bear, from a few noisy, self-seeking, ill-mannered citizens of the Great Republic, threats and scoldings as vehement as those which came from France. We have only to hold our ground as we did then. We have shown that we do not desire to strain any point of doubtful legality; and this candor having cleared the ground and silenced clamor, we have only to assert our principle and policy in regard to the protection of the weak and the progression of the race, as we did about liberty of refuge and of speech. About these we have nothing to yield. We have adopted them for better, for worse; and we shall stand by them. The consequences of absolutely right conduct on our part will be the earliest practicable extinction of the slave trade, and, if such a thing be indeed possible, the placing us *à l'abri* of insult from the bully element of the Republic for some time to come.

The genuine alliance of the two nations will be too strong to be trifled with by anybody, whenever the popular heart of the one is brought close to that of the other. Abhorrence of slavery is the strong passion of the bulk of the American people at present—various as are the grounds of that abhorrence—from the lowest depth of political timidity, or dislike of inconvenience, up to the highest point of moral reprobation. That abhorrence once brought into line with our deliberate and experienced anti-slavery policy, the two nations will be placed at a further distance from war than they have ever been, from the battle of New Orleans to this day. The thing to be done on our side the water is for the people at large to show their settled purpose in regard to the slave trade as conspicuously as their representatives did on the occasion of Mr. Hutt's motion about withdrawing our cruisers from the African coast. By encouraging every fair industrial enterprise in Africa, by supporting all reasonable projects of cotton supply, by acting as guardians and police and public prosecutors in preserving the purity of traffic on the seas, and bringing to light all infractions of treaties, and all disguises of all slave-traders, be they who they may, English citizens may take their ground before the eyes of the world in a way which will gain the present object, and secure it from encroachment in future. If more is necessary, in the way of public demonstrations, meetings, petitions, or even elections, nothing of the kind should be wanting. The fate of the slave trade is in our hands at this moment. If we are true to ourselves, and to the race to which we belong, we shall secure a serene supremacy in regard to progress and peace. If we deflect in the least from the right line, we shall deserve, and shall have to bear, the insults of the world's bullies, as well as the reproaches of the helpless, wherever we let tyranny in to make a hell of the world's growing gardens.

It is almost too late now to apply to our Neapolitan and other Italian relations what we have said of the French and American. We have much to recover in Italy, before we can assume the high bearing which we may sustain elsewhere. The evil here is the secret diplomacy which prevents the national heart from coming into play. We must put an end to all secresy which hides away our ancient spirit and modern emotions, while old Rome and young Sardinia are appealing to the human race to choose between them on behalf of mankind. Then, and then only, we may come into genuine alliance with the people of Italy, as we now can with all good citizens of France and America.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE CAPTURE.

From The Washington Union, August 31.

THE Secretary of the Navy has received the following despatch from Lieut. Maffit, confirming the account already given of his capture of a slaver off the coast of Cuba:

UNITED STATES BRIG DOLPHIN,
At sea, lat. 23° 50, lon. 80° 42,
August 21, 1858.

Sir: I have the honor to inform the Department that, after a long chase, I overhauled and captured, at 6 o'clock this evening, a slaver, surrendering under American colors. She has on board over 300 slaves, and, when I first made her out, was standing for Kay Verde, with the expectation of landing her cargo this evening. Her officers and crew consist of eighteen men, several of whom are Americans. One possessed an American protection.

I have put the prize under the command of Lieut. J. M. Bradford, with Lieut. C. C. Carpenter, ten seamen, and six marines, with orders at once to proceed to Charleston, S. C., and act in the premises, as the case may require.

I am credibly informed that several American vessels are expected on the north of Cuba about the 1st of October.

Being short of officers and men, and the vessel requiring some overhauling, I shall sail at once for Key West, there to await the instructions of the Department.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. N. MAFFIT, Lieut. Commanding.

The Hon. Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy.

Lieut. Bradford, in writing to the Department from Charleston, says that a portion of his orders, "requiring the prisoners to be put in irons, would, if executed, have made our voyage to this place impracticable, for the slaves, as soon as they found that they had new masters, destroyed large quantities of water and provisions for the sake of obtaining a small quantity of each for their own use. I restored their former masters, and they had to resort to the fiercest cruelty before they could break up these practices of the slaves."

Lieut. Bradford further states that twelve of the slaves have died since their capture.

In his orders to Lieut. Bradford, Lieut. Maffit directed all the prisoners (the officers and crew of the slaver) to be placed in irons, under double sentinels, well armed. He was to proceed to Charleston and consult an attorney-at-law in reference to the best course to pursue. He was also to call upon the Mayor of the city and request him to procure quarters for the slaves, that they might be immediately landed from the vessel.

By the act of May 10, 1800, the owners of vessels fitting out for or engaging in the slave trade forfeit their property and incur a fine of double the amount. Under the act of May 15, 1820, the trade became piracy, and American citizens serving on board of American or foreign vessels engaged in the trade incur the penalty of death. In making the prize the officers and crew of the Dolphin have had a stroke of good fortune. The law not only gives them one-half of the value of the vessel, but also $25 a head prize money. They will thus be entitled to between eight and nine thousand dollars, to be divided among the officers and crew. The existing law authorizes the President to send the captured negroes back to Africa at the expense of the United States. We believe this is the first case of a captured slaver with negroes on board being brought into our ports.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

From The Charleston Mercury, August 30.

The real name of the captured brig is the General Putnam. These letters are partially erased, and covered over by those of the assumed name Echo, and would doubtless have been restored had success crowned the enterprise in which she was engaged when taken. She is of Baltimore build, say 280 tons burden, and, it is believed, was formerly a packet in the coffee trade between that port and Rio. On the 6th of March last she cleared from New Orleans with a captain, two mates, eight seamen, a cook, steward and one passenger. On the 5th July she shipped a cargo of 455 slaves on the west coast of Africa, at Kabenda, situated in latitude 5.30 south, longitude 12 20 east. It is in Lower Guinea, in the southern part of the District of Loango, and not far from the river Congo or Zaire. These slaves were purchased in a circuit of 500 miles, and assembled at a barracoon near the point of shipment. The brig set sail with them, and in forty-seven days made the trip, reaching the point of destination on the morning of the 21st inst. In this space of time one hundred and forty-one negroes had died, leaving but three hundred and fourteen alive. A bay on "Cape Verde," one of the keys on the north coast of Cuba, latitude 23 30, longitude 80.20, was the landing place, where the Echo was detected by the Dolphin. The officers of the Dolphin left the barbor of Sagua la Grande the day before, and, while cruising westward in search of slavers, perceived the Echo at daylight in the distance, bearing the British flag, and running down the coast ahead of the Dolphin in the same direction. No suspicion was excited. The brig entered a bay. The Dolphin run on her course, and in good time came in view of the bay and the Echo. The captain of the slaver now lost his presence of mind, supposing he was suspected and pursued, and suddenly hauled off from the coast. It was then observed that a number of launches near shore had their sails set to come out to the brig. This verified the suspicion excited by her strange movement, and the Dolphin gave chase to the flying vessel, still bearing the British flag. Blank cartridges were fired, and it became evident that the pursuer gained. The slaver spread all her canvass in vain, and finding herself about to fall into the clutches of the cruiser, thought to be British, hauled down that flag and run up the stars and stripes.

The Dolphin followed suit, displaying her true colors, and brought her to with a few shotted guns fired after her. She was boarded by Lieut. Bradford and sixteen men, and surrendered at discretion. No papers were found, but a signal of a black cross on a white ground, which had probably just been used to notify the party on shore by previous agreement. The crew, nineteen in number, professed to be all passengers without captain or officers. But Lieut. Maffit selected the prisoner who appeared to be at the head of the enterprise, and took him aboard the Dolphin, with a sick seaman and comrade to tend him. The rest were brought here by Lieut. Bradford. It seems that the captain and these two men were not sent to Charleston on board the Catawba, from Key West, as was expected, but are now on their way to Boston in the Dolphin. The names of eighteen, excepting the captain, are as follows:

Dominica de la Piene, Juan Brevera, Jose Francisco, R. I. Bates, John Basco, Alexander Rodgers, Frank Cleary, John E. Capell, Archibald Scott, George Flaken, Antonio Almera, Tomas Under, Antonio Somez, Jose de Jave Vital de Miranda, Antonio Milanoish, William Henry Seno, Jose Gozzalez Seno.

One is a Greek, one an Italian; some of them are Portuguese, some Spaniards and some English. Some of them talk about New York, but none now admit that they are Americans, or have a whereabouts in this country. These smugglers are a desperate-looking set of fellows. Under the laws of 1819 and 1820 they will be tried for their lives as pirates sailing on an American bottom under the American flag. They were committed to jail on Saturday afternoon. Their trials will take place at Columbia, S. C., before His Honor Judge Wayne, Circuit Judge, James Conner, U. S. District Attorney, prosecuting officer. The Court begins to sit the 4th Monday in November. The laws of 1819 and 1820 will be found in another column.

Being curious to see the cargo and arrangement of the Echo, we obtained a permit from Dr. W. C. Ravenel, the port physician, and, with one or two others, accompanied Lieut. Bradford in a small boat from the wharf. Upon clambering up the side of the brig a strange and startling sight presented itself: a deck covered with native Africans in a state of complete nudity, with rare instances of a narrow strip of rag one inch wide round the waist. These people were seated for the most part with their legs stretched out flat or drawn up in front or doubled up; some squatted on their feet and hands. A few were standing about and a few lying down. None were tied or fastened in any way. The majority were very young, apparently from eight to sixteen years of age, some younger and some older; scarcely one, however, over twenty-five. Some of them were able-bodied, good sized, and in good case; but the greater part were half-grown children only, weak and worn. Many were much emaciated, and showed plainly the effects of their long and crowded passage in a confined ship. A few were evidently ill and soon to die. All were pure black in color except the dropsical, whose skins were tawny from disease. Their hair is very short and crisp. Those who were well appeared curious and pleased, some of them ogling and giggling and chattering, and others smoking tobacco out of short clay pipes with cane stems, just as our own negroes do. Those that were thin and sick looked dull and brutish, but there was nothing wild or ferocious in their aspect. They looked amiable and docile, and readily obeyed the commands of the person who had charge of them. They are great thieves, however, and appropriate whatever they can on every occasion. There were two hundred and forty-six, males and sixty females, who were kept separate on deck and in the holds. The men and boys were kept on the forward deck and in the forward hold, which latter is fifty-five feet long, nineteen feet wide in the broadest part, and narrow at the head, and forty-four inches high, the floor being formed of loose boards, movable at pleasure. The hold for the women and girls is behind this. It is of the same height, twelve feet long and nineteen wide. Under this temporary flooring is stored the provisions, consisting of rice, peas and the water to drink. Their food is boiled like "hoppinjohn," put in buckets twice a day, at ten and four o'clock, and placed in the midst of circles of eight or ten each, and well guarded to prevent the strong negroes from taking more than their share, although they are liberally allowed. A pint of water is given to each, morning and evening. Most of them sleep on deck, being placed in close order, spoon-fashion, on their sides, and not permitted to turn or move during the night. At daylight they are dashed with buckets of water to wash them off. They sing songs, clapping their hands and rocking their bodies in time, and these songs have a great resemblance to some of our negro spirituals. Several of the negro fellows exercise authority very much after the manner of our drivers, with airs of authority and ridiculous gesticulation and grimaces. Others were cooking the "big pot" like good fellows, and with old breeches on too, obtained from the sailors. The captain of the hold understands their lingo, and says they are very averse to going back to Africa, as the United States law requires. Our coast resembles that they came from, and the group of pines opposite the city, on the south, looks to them like cocoanut trees of their native Africa.

Yesterday, under the direction of the United States civil officers, 306 in number were taken by the steamer General Clinch and conveyed to Castle Pinckney, in our harbor, where they will be guarded by a detachment from the garrison at Fort Moultrie. As they passed the plank to gain the steamer's deck they presented a strange and affecting sight, many of them being reduced to mere skeletons by the suffering and deprivations of the voyage. Several were in a dying condition—a few dropsical, and a goodly number apparently in health. They were visited on Saturday by Mayor Macbeth and several Aldermen.

THE REOPENING OF THE SLAVE TRADE—SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

Correspondence of The Herald.

CHARLESTON, Aug. 28, 1858.

At last the pulse of Charleston is beating at fever-heat. The stolid and the volatile, the sober and the gay, the quiet and generally unmoved members of the patrician families, and eager, enthusiastic young America, who don't care where he was born so long as he is born, all, all are on the topmost blaze of enthusiasm and excitement, like New York at the advent of a Jenny Lind, the funeral of Bill Poole, or the news of a successful cable. We are not intending to burn our City Hall, however.

The cause of all this commotion has been telegraphed to you, viz.: the arrival in our harbor of a captured slave-brig, in charge of a lieutenant and a prize-crew of the United States Navy.

The Echo is well understood to be the brig Putnam, a Baltimore clipper, of a clean and beautiful model; possessing the necessary qualifications, she has occasionally increased the profits of carrying coffee and sugar, by a short, quick run to the coast of Africa, and thence to Cuba. Hitherto she has been successful, and would have been this time but for some unaccountable blunder on the part of her officers. She had reached the coast of Cuba, had set her black signal for those on the shore watch, had her launches all ready, but must have been frightened by some demonstrations on land, for there was nothing at sea—at least in sight—to molest her.

Nevertheless, here she is at our quarantine station, with over 300 coal-black Congos—fine, hearty, healthy-looking, stark naked negroes as ever cultivated rice, cotton or sugar. In general appearance they are undistinguishable from many a Carolina rice field hand, and are worth probably $500 round. They are mostly young, and only 60 women, the latter, however, all married, or ought to be. They are to be transferred forthwith to a vacant fort in our harbor, erected when Uncle Sam's purse was fuller than it now is, which has never been occupied. The United States Attorney is sorely exercised; the Marshal is in the country, and has *deputed the duties of his office to an assistant, who chances to be the President of the Young Men's Christian Association.* They have been furiously and pertinaciously telegraphing all day to Washington for instructions. But our Uncle Jimmy is old and slow. The circumlocution must be enacted.

The slave-crew, part of whom were brought on in the Echo, the balance by the Cahawba, just in from Key West, were carried to our District jail this day, handcuffed. Think of that! *Twenty men carried handcuffed through the streets of a slaveholding city by the President of the Young Men's Christian Association!! And for what? For purchasing negroes in Africa and bringing them to the New World; for rescuing undying souls from the night of heathen barbarism and transporting them to the full blaze of the Christianity of the nineteenth century; for redeeming Quashee from a life of indolence and uselessness, and making him an active, energetic unit among philanthropists!*

The negroes are much rejoiced at their arrival. They are singing songs, dancing, and testifying in every conceivable manner their attainment of increased happiness. One of them, a daughter of a chief, and tattooed from her neck to her haunches, has, through an interpreter, a negro, positively refused to go back, and says her followers will not go either. In fact, so near as can be learned, they are unanimously in favor of coming on shore, and most positively and unmistakably refuse to go to sea again. Their music, rude as it is, is gleeful and hearty. Public sympathy is in their favor, and the determination is rapidly forming to introduce them to the mysteries of the rice and cotton fields at the earliest practicable moment. Be sure that no Amistad tom-foolery will be allowed in this case.

It is a wedge which cracks the dry log of conservatism in twain. It is the real, actual reopening of the African slave trade, whose legalization must soon follow. Emigration to Charleston from the west coast of Africa will employ the vessels of your own and other Northern cities. We will have our Black Ball, Swallow Tail and Dramatic lines, and our emigrants will land at the Mart instead of Castle Garden. For every hundred negroes introduced, a thousand spindles shall fly in Yankee mills. A trade has been opened more humanizing, of greater wealth and more importance than the *ultima thule* of California and Fraser River. Lieuts. Maffit and Bradford have done the right thing in bringing this brig to Charleston. This is the very spot to give the unfortunates in charge of the President of the Young Men's Christian Association a fair trial, and to extend a helping hand to the fortunates of Congo, who will receive the blessings of the spirit of the age, and scatter the seeds of a bounteous harvest in every other State. Nothing, since the New York *Herald* infused the spirit of progress into the Charleston *Courier*, has excited so much talk and so much speculation as the arrival of this brig.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

THE CONGO FEVER IN CHARLESTON.

From The Charleston Courier, August 28.

MESSRS. EDITORS: An unusual degree of interest was excited last evening by the arrival in our bay of the brig Echo, with some three or four hundred Africans. It seems she was captured on the coast of Cuba, and brought into this port for such disposition as may be made of them by the government of the United States. And now the question comes: What shall be done with them? England, under such circumstances, sends them to her colony of Sierra Leone (sensible to the last, as she always is); but to us there is no such colony. Hitherto we have sent them back to Africa, in government ships, and it is to be supposed that such will be the course proposed on this occasion.

But is such a course to be adopted? They are here on the very threshold of civilization; shall we send them back to barbarism? They are at the dawn of Christianity; shall we send them back to heathen darkness? They are almost within the pale of law and a social state, where they can take relations; shall we take them back to the realm of no law but that of brute force? no relations but those that brutes take? They are here almost within the pale of a society where they will be safe, and where every physical want will be surely supplied; will we send them back to the precarious subsistence snatched from wretches as starving as themselves?

But why should we send them back? Do we not want them? *They are wanted everywhere—our planters want them; our mechanics want them; our railroads want them; our waste lands are in want of them.* Is it from any sense, among ourselves, of the inhumanity of rendering them useful? We put our sons and brothers under masters to learn a trade, and is it humane to do this and not humane to do the same to creatures that are certainly as much in need of training and instruction? *There is no reason why we should send them back, but in this, that it has become agreeable to another section of the Union to look with disgust on our institutions, and we are called upon to make this sacrifice of interest and humanity to propitiate them.*

If any sane man were asked what it is that would be best for these negroes, he would say, put them under the discipline and care of some one whose duty and interest

provided the capture should be held lawful, beside the proceeds of the vessel, to prize money at the rate of $25 a head for each African on board; and by the same act the President has authority to cause the liberated negroes to be removed beyond the limits of the United States, and to appoint agents on the Coast of Africa for their reception. This was an improvement on the original act prohibiting the slave trade, which left to the States into which the negroes happened to be brought the disposition of them, with power to sell them at auction or otherwise, like other forfeited goods—a course which, in several instances previously to the law of 1819, was actually resorted to in the States of Georgia and Louisiana. We anticipate, however, a struggle over these Africans even more remarkable than that which took place in the case of the Amistad negroes. It will be an excellent opportunity for the advocates of the revival of the slave trade, which they will hardly fail to improve, to test the constitutionality of the acts of Congress by which that traffic is prohibited; and should no person venture to step forward as the claimant of the negroes, or should they be declared free by the United States Courts, there may likely enough be an attempt made to retain them in the State, by selling them at auction under the State law prohibiting free negroes from coming into South Carolina. On the whole, we shall watch the further proceedings in this case with no small degree of interest.

From The Tribune.

In our original notice of the case of the Africans captured on board the slaver Echo or Putnam, and carried into Charleston, we suggested that among other curious legal procedures to which that case might give rise might probably be an attempt on the part of the local authorities of Charleston to seize the negroes under the well-known and somewhat notorious acts of South Carolina prohibiting any free negro or person of color from migrating, or "being brought or introduced into its limits, by land or water, under any pretext whatever." Our anticipations in this respect turn out to have been well founded. On the Sunday morning after the arrival of the captured slaver—this being, we suppose, according to South Carolina ideas, a case of such necessity as to dispense with the strict observance of the Sabbath—a number of gentlemen called upon Col. Carew, the Sheriff of the District of Charleston, and laid before him formal information that a large number of free persons of color had been brought within his bailiwick contrary to the provisions of the act of 1835, and not within the provisions of the act of 1856, excepting from the penalties of the act of 1835 the cases of free negroes brought within the State by stress of weather or other causes over which the navigators had no control.

Thus applied to, the Sheriff hastened to take legal advice in the matter, consulting not only his own solicitor, but also the Attorney-General of the State, or rather the gentlemen acting in the Attorney-General's behalf during his absence from the city. The Sheriff's solicitor gave a decided opinion that the Sheriff was bound, under the law of the State, to take the negroes into custody. The other legal gentleman, the Attorney-General's substitute, took a different view of the case. In an elaborate written opinion, he held that the case of these negroes did not come within either the spirit or even the letter of the law in question. He could not think that the State Legislature meant to embrace within the scope of its prohibition negroes brought within the limits of the State by officers of the United States, and in literal compliance with the requisitions of certain acts of Congress made in conformity with the constitutional powers of that body. Beside, these negroes, being in Castle Pinkney, a fort ceded to the United States, and exclusively within its jurisdiction, were not any longer within the limits of the State. This opinion, among other things, took for granted, it will be observed, the constitutionality of the laws of the United States on the subject of the slave trade—a disputed point in South Carolina. Under these circumstances, the Charleston Sheriff professed to be guided by the opinion of his own solicitor, and accordingly he made a demand upon the United States Marshal, in whose hands the negroes had been placed, to deliver them up to him, inclosing in his note a copy of his solicitor's opinion. The Marshal thereupon applied to the United States District-Attorney for advice, who, in a note addressed to the Sheriff, consoled himself for his misfortune in differing from that gentleman's solicitor by referring to the opinion of the Attorney-General's substitute, which he inclosed, at the same time declining to instruct the Marshal to deliver up the negroes.

It would seem, however that the District-Attorney did not rely altogether upon the superiority of his own law, backed though it was by the opinion of the chief law officer of the State. Castle Pinkney is directly opposite the lower wharves of Charleston, distant only a mile from them, and, as the District-Attorney seems to have thought, not quite so safe a place of custody for the negroes as might be desired, should an attempt be made on the part of the State authorities to take them out of the Marshal's hands. He therefore caused them to be removed several miles further down the harbor to Fort Sumpter, apprehending less danger from the explosion of powder stored there than from the inflammable elements which might perchance be brought to bear on Castle Pinkney. Under these circumstances, the Sheriff made a virtue of necessity, and, as there seemed to be no means at hand of getting possession of the negroes, concluded for the present to forego his demand.

From The Charleston Mercury, Sept. 1.

THE RESCUED BLACKS AND THEIR VISITORS.

Yesterday at noon, the steamer General Clinton took a large party to Fort Sumter, consisting of the Hon. A. G. Magrath, United States District Judge; James Conner, Esq., United States District-Attorney; Dr. D. H. Hamilton, United States Marshal; the Rev. Dr. John Bachman; the Rev. W. B. Yates; Mr. J. Fraser Matthews, cotton planter; Mr. Charles Lowndes, rice planter; Mr. Daniel Heyward, planter; Colonel George P. Elliott, of Beaufort; Mr. Henry Gourdin, merchant; Mr. Wm. M. Martin, banker; Mr. W. C. Courtney, merchant; Mr. W. Bull Pringle, planter; Colonel R. W. Seymour; H. L. Pinckney, Jr.; H. E. Young, Esq.; Dr. J. D. Burns; Dr. T. L. Ogier; Mr. St. Julian Mazyck, merchant; Mr. M. P. Mathesen, banker; Chas. H. Axson, Esq.; Chas. Pinckney, Esq.; the Marshal's posse and many other gentlemen.

The gentlemen, representing a great variety of interests, were much gratified at the spectacle presented by these savages, who appeared in fine spirits, and entertained their visitors with a display of their abilities in dancing and singing. Their dances resembled in great degree the popular burlesque of the Shaking Quakers. In their singing they preserve good time, but their voices are rather sharp and shrill. Their leader in these accomplishments displayed the genius of a Musard or a Julien. One of the refrains reminded their auditors of a chorus in "Ernani." The whole exhibition was exceedingly interesting and novel, in which the negroes seemed to take great delight.

Very few are left in the Hospital, and those manifest anxiety to get out. The ailments with which they are afflicted are readily yielding to medical treatment, and the general health of the gang has much improved since they have been under the care of Drs. S. L. Lockwood and Ogier.

Among these negroes are three who were originally employed on shore, before the cargo were embarked, in cooking provisions for the negroes, as they were gathered at the barracoons. They can talk in Portuguese and Spanish. They say that they were not purchased, but that the white men brought them away without their consent. They express themselves as happy now, and would prefer to stay here rather than to return. The wants of the entire gang are very simple and few, mainly consisting in the gratification of hunger, thirst and some trifling vices. Dr. Hamilton exerts himself to render them comfortable, and their contented and satisfied faces attest the success of his endeavors.

Lieut. Bradford yesterday received a telegraphic despatch from the Hon. Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, ordering him to deliver everything into the hands of the United States Marshal, and to report himself with his command at Boston forthwith. Lieut. Bradford took immediate steps to obey the order, and, unless detained by subpœna to appear before the United States Commissioner's Court, of which we are not advised, it was his intention to leave the city last night, by the North-Eastern Railroad.

From the same of Sept. 2.

MR. EDITOR: Your very interesting account of these people almost renders further description unnecessary. But as some of the recent contributions to your paper presented a picture altogether bright, I would be glad to show both sides.

Of those in health, or comparatively so, I found about 230, of whom some 50 were females. There were about 50 others (I do not pretend to exactness in figures) in the sick wards, in various stages of disease. You have already shown that the negroes are from almost under the Equator —latitude 5.30 S., longitude 12.20 E. In the few books to which I have had access since I saw them, I have not found them described. Bowen's explorations were in Central Africa — Livingstone's in the southern part. Barth's volumes, as far as he has gone, are descriptive of North and Central Africa—so that I am left somewhat at a loss for references. The negroes are of various ages, from thirty years to a few months, or even weeks—some, I should judge, having been born on the passage. It is wonderful now either mother or infant survived such an event.

It has already been stated that they belong to various tribes. This is soon apparent from the difference of shades, from their being congregated in separate groups, and the evident inability to converse generally with each other. I observed nothing like general concert of thought or action between them, except in the chanting and clapping of hands. In these all, under the leadership of one man, the largest among them, united.

It has also been noticed that these Africans are far below the size common to the same age of negroes among This is understood to refer to height; for, emaciated most of them are, no one not better skilled in human ...my than I am could conjecture what their weight, ...th, would be. Among the whole number, it struck the man above referred to may have been five ...t inches high—a few more may reach five feet ...esides these, there did not seem to be any of the ...ere over five feet two or three inches. Some ...dozen, perhaps, of the men, and a few more ...ed in good health and condition. It is sup... exceptions of the former were of such as ...d away in the hold, but were employed in ... the slaver. The women, for some unexplained reason, were undoubtedly in better condition than the men. You have already stated that the latter were wholly nude, and the former nearly so. One of the most singular of the exhibitions I saw was that of a woman whose hands were adorned by a pair of cotton gloves—almost her only covering. There was scarcely any comeliness among them; and the only one whose appearance agreeably attracted attention was the so styled Princess, whose tattoing certainly gave evidence of great dexterity and skill in the art.

I have no pretensions to science, and must leave the ethnological questions to the learned, who, I trust, are engaged in their investigations. But to even the casual observer, the difference of tribes is quite evident. I was surprised that few or none exhibited the very thick lips and flat noses which we are accustomed to see in the African. The hair would doubtless be kinked, but, in accordance with the usage of slavers, it has been shaved, probably at the time of sailing from Africa. Our communications with them were made in part by signs, which they understood readily, and in part through an interpreter. This man was one of the slaver's crew, who did not profess knowledge of the negro dialect; but the principal negro had a smattering knowledge of Portuguese, from having worked on ships, &c., on the coast, and in this language he conversed with the interpreter. It was evident they understood each other, for upon our party asking the sailor to show us the Congo tribe, the negro brought three men, who took their places before us, and I distinctly heard him say "Congo." I was struck with their teeth; some were even, as usual. One tribe had the two central upper foreteeth cut out in a semi-circle; while in another the front teeth were sharpened to a point. Many of the negroes, especially with the aid of an old flannel shirt or trowsers, looked as familiar as household or plantation slaves. In many such the feature and expression reminded us of familiar faces at home.

The result of the whole visit was intense sympathy for them and indignation towards their captors. You may read of the horrors of the "middle passage," but the half cannot be told as one view of these unfortunates will tell the tale. Dysentery, dropsy and opthalmia—all, I believe, the productions of contact, want of ventilation and want of exercise—are the prevailing diseases. But even where these were not visible, the spectacle was harrowing. A skeleton taken down from the nail of a doctor's closet, and presented to your view, would scarcely be more descriptive of anatomy than many of these living, walking specimens of the human frame. The effect was very startling, when you saw them squatting on their haunches, with their knees drawn up *behind* their elbows, in an attitude common to apes and baboons, but which no human frame clothed in flesh can attain. Some, when sitting and told to rise, did so with great difficulty, and moved with a step as tottering as I ever saw after illness. The very head seemed but a skull encased in a black covering. It is common to speak of a man being reduced to skin and bone, but one who saw these can scarcely use the expression again.

But if this is to be said of those comparatively in health, what language can describe the sick? I saw one poor creature swollen to the most wonderful size with dropsy; and as he lay on his back, he moved his hands, signifying to one of our party a request for his cigar, which, when given to him, he smoked with the greatest avidity. Another manifested similar wants, and replied to our beckonings to come to us, by pointing to his leg, which we construed into inability to move. Two lay near, whose troubles here had ceased in death; while another, the most affecting sight of all, a child of six or eight years, lay on its side in the sun on the stone wharf, with eyes closed and no other evidence of life than the slight motion of the stomach indicating breathing. The poor creature, alone and unattended, had rested its head on its little hand as naturally as our own little ones do, and in this touching attitude of suffering childhood was fast losing the consciousness of a life whose experience had been only that of sorrow and suffering.

One thing impressed me forcibly—the complete docility, amounting to mere mechanical submission, of all these creatures. In the sick ward the physicians were applying caustic to the eyes of their patients. When this painful remedy was applied—and poor creatures, they knew not that it was a remedy, or anything but part of the system of cruelty to which they had been subjected—they covered their faces with their hands in pain and with their heads all bowed in meek submission; and though many were young children, not a sound, not a murmur escaped. The scene was truly touching. To one of any sensibility, the horrors of a battle-field were less so. I left the scene chastened and humbled, but with gratitude, too, I trust, to Almighty God for a lot cast in a Christian land.

These negroes, purchased on the West Coast at from 50 cents to $1, and costing scarcely more than $10 or $15 to be delivered on the coast of Cuba, were all to be sold by contract at $560 round, or one hundred and seventy-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty dollars (177,980) for the cargo. Such gains are too tempting to be resisted by those who make haste to be rich. A CHARLESTONIAN.

ACTION OF THE PRESIDENT.

From The Washington Evening Star.

We hear that, in a letter recently received by the President from the United States Marshal at Charleston, S. C., a fear is expressed that a party in that city will interfere to prevent the due execution of the law of 1819, wherein that points out the manner in which the negroes shall be disposed of. This apprehension of the Marshal must be nearly altogether the result of the publication in Charleston journals of various speculative suggestions relative to the very obvious fact that these poor creatures, if returned to Africa, will be far worse off than if retained at labor in South Carolina, and afforded such opportunities of being civilized and Christianized as may be enjoyed by such utter barbarians as they are, while in the condition they would be in, in South Carolina.

We apprehend that, in his reply, which is said to have been transmitted yesterday, the President pointed out to the Marshal the fact that he has no discretion whatever in the premises, but must obey the law requiring him to return the poor creatures to Africa at the expense of the General Government, to which end a proper United States agent will be sent out with them for their protection, as far as possible, on arriving there. Formerly, the government kept such an agent on the coast; but of late years the practice has been discontinued, because it was found that there was nothing whatever for him to do. The President, doubtless, also expressed to the Marshal his confidence in the groundlessness of the latter's fears, justly founded on the fact that nowhere else in the United States do the people more uniformly yield implicit obedience to the majesty of the law than in South Carolina, wherein the doctrine of "higher law" has no defenders who are persons of substance and character. We have every reason to believe that the negroes in question will be kept strongly guarded and well provided for in Fort Moultrie until arrangements shall have been made for their reshipment to Africa.

It is doubtless true that they would infinitely prefer to remain in South Carolina, in the condition of the negroes they see around them, to returning to Africa and the condition they were in there. They have at least sense and information enough to induce them to such a choice. From what they say on the subject, as already made known through the interpreter, it is clear that if any of them can escape being sent back by running away, they will do so. Yet we have no idea that a single one of them will succeed in such an undertaking.

As for the notion that any considerable body of citizens of South Carolina will combine to defeat the operation, in this case, of what they know to be the law of the land, it is most preposterous.

ARRIVAL OF THE DOLPHIN AT NEW YORK — CAPT. TOWNSEND OF THE "ECHO" ON BOARD—HIS STATEMENT.

From The Tribune.

QUARENTINE, Sept. 6—2 p. m.

The United States brig Dolphin arrived last night, and anchored in the bay off this point. I immediately proceeded to her, and had an interview with Commander J. N. Maffit. She came to this port supposing that Lieut. Bradford of the Dolphin, with the prize crew of the slave brig Echo, captured by the Dolphin, was awaiting her arrival in accordance with orders. The order, however, had been countermanded by Mr. Lee of the Navy, who ordered the crew to proceed to Boston.

The Dolphin had on board Capt. Townsend, the commander of the Echo, as a prisoner. He will be kept in the custody of the frigate Sabine to await the requisition of Mr. Hamilton, the United States Marshal of South Carolina, who has the Echo in custody for adjudication, and the Dolphin will proceed to-morrow to Boston.

Capt. Townsend is a native of Rhode Island, and has a wife and three children residing in Providence. He is about 33 years of age, and a man of superior address and education. He is tall and well formed, and has prepossessing features. He has light hair, large sandy whiskers, and is scrupulously exact in his dress. He speaks freely upon the affairs of the voyage of the Echo, and states that he was driven to engage in the slave trade because of ill success in his voyages in legitimate commerce. After the Echo left New Orleans, he states that he called the crew aft, and said to them that he purposed to go into the slave trade, and promised them $900 each if they would continue upon the voyage. The Portuguese and Spaniards were probably aware of the nature of the voyage b fore it was projected. All the crew acceded to the proposition. Instead of proceeding to St. Thomas, for which port she had shipped, the Echo shaped her course for the Coast of Africa. When she reached Congo River, she landed two Spaniards, the slave agents, who went to look after the cargo, and the Echo proceeded to an island on the coast for water and fresh provisions. They were chased from this island by a French brig-of-war, from which they escaped in a fog.

Returning thence to the coast, they took 470 slaves on board, 160 of whom died on the passage. Captain Townsend then gave up the command of the vessel to a Spaniard, and shipped as a passenger on the brig. This is the frequent ruse in the slave trade to avoid the responsibility in case of capture. The Spanish captain having calculated his reckoning incorrectly, the brig ran ashore in the night at Abaco, in the Bahama Islands. Floating off at high water, she proceeded on her voyage, and at day-light passed Sagula la Grande, when she discovered the Dolphin making toward her under British colors. She supposed the Dolphin to be a Spanish brig, which had hoisted British colors for a ruse, not supposing that there was any American vessel of war cruising among the West Indies, or, if there was, that any American vessel would take sufficient interest in the matter to interfere. When it became evident that the Dolphin was gaining on her, the crew of the slaver knocked out the hedges from her masts and sawed down and cast overboard her bulwarks, to increase her speed. At the same time the liquor-closets were opened, and the excitement of the chase was heightened by the general intoxication of the crew. No less exciting was the scene on board of the Dolphin, though the artificial stimuli were not resorted to there. The Dolphin's men were confident of a capture, and this confidence was increased when it became evident that they were rapidly gaining on the slaver. Already the negroes were observed on the deck of the Echo. After a chase of nearly nine hours, the Dolphin fired two blank cartridges at the Echo to make her show her colors. This was not regarded, and Capt. Maffit ordered a shot to be fired, which passed a few feet from her stern. The Echo then ran up American colors, and the Dolphin immediately hauled down the British flag and ran up the stars and stripes. The next shot fired passed between the masts of the slaver, and, seeing that she was entirely at the mercy of the Dolphin, the Echo then hauled down the American colors. Capt. Maffit despatched Lieut. Bradford, two other officers, and sixteen men aboard the slaver, who took possession of her. Capt. Maffit himself subsequently visited the Echo. He states that although presenting a sad spectacle, the condition of the Echo and the slaves was much better than that of most slavers and cargoes. Capt. Townsend states that they had been allowed extra rations to improve their appearance and enhance their value in market. They were the captives of warlike tribes brought to the coast and placed in barracoons. While awaiting the arrival of the slave ship they were fed on roots and esculents, and scantily fed at that, and their close confinement was terrible. On the Echo, Capt. Townsend states they were fed on rice, beans, slivers of pork, and a quart of water, and a small quantity of whiskey each day. Tobacco was also given them, and they were exceedingly fond of it.

Capt. Townsend is at no loss to find excuse for his act. He states that the slave trade is humanity to the prisoners taken by the warlike tribes in Africa; that before they were not sold to the traders they were put to death in cold blood, and that the captives in the Echo would prefer a life on a plantation to the sufferings they endured at the hands of their enemies in the barracoons. He says that the horrors of the slave trade, as depicted by writers, are based upon the imagination, and are only true as regards the trade carried on by the Spanish and Portuguese.

Capt. Townsend is connected with an honorable family in Rhode Island. He distinguished himself in the war with Campeachy for his determination and bravery. His last exploit will bring disgrace upon an honorable name, and tarnish the lustre of his previous achievements. He is somewhat dejected and melancholy, but is confident of escaping the extreme penalty of his crime by the verdict of a South Carolina jury. He expresses his gratification at being captured by an American vessel of war, and is grateful to Lieut. Maffit for the kind treatment he has received at his hands while a prisoner. He has not at any time been placed in irons, but has been confined below decks, guarded by a sentry.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

OFF THE PLATFORM.—The Editor desires to say to his readers that the article entitled "*How Comes Piety to Support Slavery?*" which appeared in THE STANDARD of the 21st ult., was out of place in the organ of a Society which has ever sought, in good faith, to secure the co-operation of all the friends of humanity, without distinction of sect, in the great work of abolishing slavery. The line of argument pursued in that article, however legitimate and conclusive it may have appeared to minds of a certain class, certainly involved questions of theology with which this journal disclaims any right or intention to intermeddle. *How* such an article happened to gain admittance, it would be easy to explain, but this simple acknowledgment of the first mistake of the sort ever committed by the Editor, in a connection of twenty years with the Anti-Slavery Press, will doubtless satisfy every reader. It is proper to add that this acknowledgment is made not because of any complaint which the article has elicited, but because the Editor desires, of his own motion, to forestall the possibility of any such thing, and to keep his record unmarred even by a mistake.

PROSPECTS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

IT is certainly a proof of the alacrity of the American people in turning their backs upon themselves and going, as Hamlet said to Polonius, "like a crab, backwards," that such a topic is possible in this ninth year after the middle of the Nineteenth Century. Who could have imagined such a thing as that the revival of the slave trade could be seriously entertained by any one out of a madhouse, twenty or ten years ago? And yet we have come to look it in the face and to consider whether it is worth our while or not. The hideousness of its mien is fast growing familiar to men who used to hate its bare imagination, and it will be no stranger thing than many that we have seen come to pass if they should learn to endure and to embrace it. The utter demoralization of the dominant party in the country, and the timid, time-serving policy of the opposition which is hoping to oust it from the high places, two years from now, make any resolute resistance to it a very uncertain matter. It will be a mere question of political expediency, as parties go now; and if a consent to the rehabilitation of the Guinea traffic would be likely to make the scale preponderate in behalf of the *Outs*, we fear there would not be moral strength enough to reject the weight which should promise such a beneficent inclination of the beam.

But it is not likely that it will go into general politics. When it is done, if done at all, it will be carried by a *coup de main*, or a *coup d'état*, as all the great victories of the Slave Power have been won. Twenty years ago the Annexation of Texas was as intrinsic and absurd an impossibility as the revival of the Slave Trade is now. There never was a majority in its favor in Congress. There were voices of remonstrance raised against it in the slave country itself. Even General James Hamilton, of South Carolina, who afterwards emigrated thither and died there, denounced the scheme as one likely to damage rather than promote the interests of Slavery. But the wiser sort of slaveholders bided their time, they made their advances with the most skilful strategy, and one midnight, just as John Tyler was giving up the ghost of office, in 1845, a majority of one was obtained for an alternative seeming to give a chance of delay, which was soon disposed of by the swift expedition of his expiring hand. And, as soon as it was done, all the politicians folded their arms, with Oriental fatalism, and submitted to the insulting atrocity. Mr. Nathan Appleton said it was too late, and Mr. Abbott Lawrence that it would be "attended with bad results" even to protest against it before it was done. And when finished, Mr. Winthrop drank to "the Union, however bounded," and the North, in general, has seemed to forget that Texas was not one of the original Thirteen States.

And so it has been with all the other villanies which have followed so thick and fast in the train of this ominous precursor. The Mexican War was waged in the teeth of an opposing Nation, the Compromises of 1850 were abhorred by the great majority and believed impossible to be carried, the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise was the work of a mercenary handful at Washington, and yet the nation has submitted to them all. Nay, even the party which was called into being by the very indignation these later outrages had excited did not even propose to repeal or revoke any of them, but merely to regulate the way in which the very latest of them all should be carried out. There must be a foundation of reason in what the slaveholders say, that there is not persistency of character enough in the people of the North to carry on a conflict with Slavery. They are buying and selling, and building, and speculating, and making money, and losing it, and have no deepness of root in their political purposes to make them grow up in into a shelter and a healing to those whom they would overshadow. They lack the binding force of a common interest like that which holds the Slaveholders together in their designs, and which has always assured success to them. Anti-Slavery to the North is too much of an abstraction—a thing that exists rather in the mind than before the eyes—while Slavery to the Slaveholders stands for everything they hold dear, their wealth, their tyranny over their slaves, their despotic control over their white neighbors, and their political supremacy over the whole country. It is no wonder they are united, nor that they are successful. And so they will continue till the North learns the lesson which it is lawful to receive even from enemies.

Now, why should not this same game be played over again with the Slave Trade for the stake? It is, in itself, no worse than the domestic traffic, nor so bad, which is acknowledged and protected like any other coast-wise or internal commerce. And when we have submitted to have Texas and New Mexico added to the domain of Slavery, it is surely unreasonable to refuse her the means of putting them to the uses for which they are ordained. The religious argument, derived from the economy of bringing over heathen here to convert, instead of sending missionaries to them for that purpose, we shall not enter into, leaving it to the American Board and to the Tract Society, which are better able to cope with it than we are. But the commercial argument is all in its favor. One reason why the Whig opposition to Texas in New England was so heartless and hopeless was to be found in the suggestion that it would open a new market for domestic manufactures, and help swell the dividends of such establishments as the Bay State and the Pacific Mills. Verily, they have had their reward. But the commercial argument is all on one side. There can be no question about it. The trade in negroes is the most paying of any that floats upon the ocean, and why should not our merchants put their scruples in their pockets when they can put fat profits there along with them? We think these considerations can be well managed, privately if not publicly, in the preparation for this measure. Satan knows more now and here than he did in Job's time and in the land of Uz,

"And tempts by making rich, not making poor."

It is very true that this conflict will not be strictly one between the North and the South. The breeding States will put in their claim for the protection of their Domestic Manufactures, which was the purpose of the original abolition of the foreign trade—the purpose, that is, which induced the Virginia and Maryland slave-owners to consent to it. But it is a conflict in which all the advantages of aggression will be on the other side. It will be the collision of Old Slavery and Young Slavery, and the odds will be on the side of the gristle over the bone. The freshness of zeal and energy of proselytism which inspires the fanatical party of the slavocrats will be more than a match for the cautious and conservative veterans who are content to let well alone and to reap their vigintial harvests of ever-whitening crops. Admit Slavery to be a good thing, and the advocates for opening Africa again have all the logic on their side. The question will at once put out its feelers in the direction of Presidential possibilities, and of all the chances that wait upon them, and who can say that an extreme Southern party among the Northern Democrats may not be found to counterbalance the middling interests—the *juste milieu*—of the breeding States? And when the thing is once done, the politicians of all stripes will accept it as a political fact, and no disturbance of it will enter into any of the pacts of alliance which will go before electoral fights to come. The Slave Trade party have only to be terribly in earnest, and to make this the essential condition of all their help on all disputed matters, and brag loud enough and bully fiercely enough, and their chance of success is certainly better than for that of the Repeal of the Ordinance of '87 and the opening of all the Territories to Slavery ten, or five, years ago. We are afraid that there would be no determined resistance to the change, determined to the point of war, on the part of England, which would be the only sure and effectual preventive of the abomination. Not even for the Slave Trade would the Chivalry of South Carolina and Georgia bring the tap of a British drum within the hearing of their happy and contented slaves. But we think there would be too little danger of it. The band of cotton which is ever stretched over the surface of the ocean from one shore to the other is a stronger link of connection and a surer guarantee of peace than the magic strands of wire that coil themselves across its bed. If the most determined portion of the Slave party be bent on reopening the Slave Trade, we see no reason to believe that it will not succeed in this attempt as in all else. And if so, we shall still have faith that it is but a paroxysm of that madness with which the gods plague those they would destroy, and of that pride which goeth before a fall.

NECROLOGY.

ANOTHER well-wisher of our cause has departed. GEORGE COMBE, the practical philanthropist, the popular phrenologist, the educational reformer, died on the 14th of August, at the age of seventy, at the Moor Park, Surrey, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, always delicate from childhood. This adverse circumstance of his crowded and useful life he turned to the greatest benefit: for it led him to study the causes of disease and the whole constitution of man taken in connection with the world in which he dwells.

Few men who have ever made an appeal to mankind in behalf of human nature have been listened to with more attention, or received more largely in their lives the true rewards of their labors.

The reason is obvious: not an original nor a rapidly progressive thinker, he could take the world exactly where it labored, lending his force to the impulsion already given by the thoughts of Gall and the labors of Spurzheim, without transcending that sphere in idea or action.

His phrenological and sanitary writings have had so large a circulation throughout the civilized world that they may fairly be accounted one of the principal causes of its progress in one direction, since "the Condition-of-England Question," as SYDNEY SMITH called it, was first consciously raised—the precursor of that CONDITION-OF-THE-WORLD QUESTION which is now rising to reap the benefit of the sectarian propagandism that has been so actively preparing its way.

In the midst of his European celebrity, Mr. Combe came, in 1838, to America. Unlike the baser sort of British travellers, he put himself in communication with the American Abolitionists, and ever afterwards kept the channel open; from time to time, as opportunity served, sending them words of encouragement and those little gifts of such great value that are the types of sanction and sympathy. Born in another time and clime, and observing from another point of view, it is very possible that he may not have approved of every word they said, or of every deed they did; but cordially approving their object and the general drift of their principles and measures, as well as truly respecting the persons whom he met as their representatives, he did not take the time when they were under mob-law, ecclesiastical proscription and social exclusion to throw a stone upon the cairn that marks an age's great disgrace. He saw the need they were endeavoring to supply, in the constitution of a moral party whose action should ensure the progress of all—which should call to the nation to advance while itself taking the cost and peril of the initiative. Many were sitting in safe and guilty quiet, crying "*go on!*" Mr. COMBE was one to discriminate between such, anxious to save their own credit on one hand without incurring disgrace on the other—and those very different persons who were calling to the world *come on*, from the midst of the danger and difficulty that fidelity ever incurs.

Mr. COMBE was born in Edinburgh, and trained to the law, which he continued to practice till his great success as a writer indicated to him an exclusive devotion to the study of the *higher* law which prepares the way for civil enactments; and he turned his face toward the future as one having the great advantage of knowledge of the past.

There is no need here to recapitulate the titles of his works; they are in every reader's hands, and every one of them is also his title to popular gratitude. They circulate among Englishmen, Americans, Swedes, Frenchmen and Germans, by the hundred thousand, under his own name; and how vast a circulation has been given to the ideas, there are no means of knowing. While the American public is mourning his loss, self-constituted colporteurs are traversing the land, selling sheets of illustrated and educational hints made up from his writings—roughly explaining them in every dwelling with a precision which yet makes the contents of every ninepenny sheet as sure to germinate in the general mind of the country as seeds borne by the chance wind ensure the march of Atlantic vegetation towards the West.

"How many have you sold—you alone—of these sheets of illustrated text made up from Combe?" we ask of a colporteur who (providentially, as New England Puritanism loves to say) enters while we write.

"One hundred and eighty thousand!" is the reply. Hot, brown, dusty, quick of adaptation and rapid of utterance, he rushes from door to door, ringing a few changes upon the words—"of greatest importance to parents"—"will put a stop to the mortality among children"—"everything depends on health"—"Phrenology is at the bottom of everything"; and every parent buys the pictured sheet, and wishes the colporteur may sell a hundred and eighty thousand more.

The present is the time and place, while passing in review this active, useful life, to call once more to public mind the testimony against slavery which Mr. COMBE registered in 1845, with the magnanimity of good feeling, and the tact of good sense—adding to it the weight of a whole movement by making the real Abolitionists his organ of communication with the world to which he spoke. It may be found in one of the anti-slavery publications, the "Liberty Bell" for 1847, p. 83.

"In all my wanderings in foreign countries, I have found intelligent men eager to inquire into the condition and prospects of the United States of North America, when they heard that I had visited them; and the description which I gave cheered the hopes of the philanthropists, and animated the efforts of political reformers. But there was one dark stain on the fair face of the mighty confederacy which it was impossible for me either to hide or palliate—Slavery; again and again was the question put to me, in sorrow and not in anger, 'But *how is it possible* for a people so moral, religious, enlightened and free to defend and practice slavery?' What could I answer? The contradiction between every principle which lies at the foundation of the American institutions and of the Christian religion, and Slavery, was so complete that an angel in heaven must have stood ashamed and dumb before every virtuous man who asked him for an answer to this question. I explained to my inquiring friends that the odious system was begun under the British government long before America was free: 'but why does it continue?' was the instant rejoinder to this statement. If there is a living being in the United States who does not lament and shudder at this scourge of humanity, he is dead not only to the voice of conscience and of patriotism, but to the sense of shame and the honor of his country. The grand moral lesson which the United States is reading to the world is neutralized, nay, converted into a bitter mockery of reason, by slavery; and in every part of Europe where I have travelled is this deplorable truth known and lamented by the good, but hailed with pleasure and pointed to with triumph by the oppressor and his tools.

"That the great and good God, who certainly rules this world on the principles of justice and reason, may prosper your efforts to root out the evil of slavery, is the constant desire of Yours, very faithfully,

"GEORGE COMBE.

"45 Melville street, Edinburgh, the 22d November, 1845."

Again, in 1846, Mr. COMBE took pains to procure testimony respecting the happy effects of emancipation in Barbadoes, from his friend, Dr. Davy, then in official and professional employ in that island. United in all these anti-slavery expressions, in communication with the American Abolitionists, the searcher of anti-slavery annals will always find the name of his admirable wife, the daughter of the renowned Mrs. Siddons.

Already the hour has come when these annals are not unfrequently searched in hope and fear by survivors, in the desire to establish a character for the departed above the little meannesses and vulgar terrors of their times. Already the survivors of them that passed their lives in reproaching for harsh language the persons that have passed *their* lives in laboring against the human auction-block, with its means of supply at home and abroad, and its means of support—the lash, the chain, the branding-iron, the stake, the Church, the bloodhound, the Judiciary and the whole instrumentality of destructive politics and false religion which sanctifies and legalizes the whole daily existence that is a perpetual outrage against the world here in the United States—already such survivors begin to try to bury with anti-slavery honors such dead. The times are changing: and this is the convincing proof of it to those who ponder the past in their hearts—that, in preparing for the funeral services, the obituary records and the biographical portraits of those that descend to the grave, Northern men now begin to seek earnestly for the evidence that their departed ones were in unity of heart and labors with the Abolitionists for the extinction of slavery. In the spirit of Ebenezer Elliot, the statesman-poet of England, they sadly search the past on behalf of their dead:

"Where their *recorded execrations*!—poured
On blood-stained tyrants and the servile horde!"

too often to find no fitter epitaph than this—that

"When earth wept blood that wolves might lap and swill,
And bleeding mercy was a trampled worm,
Basely they pandered to the slayer's will."

At a moment like the present, when the destinies of FREEDOM seem to tremble in the balance, it is worth while, when recording of a famous man that he died in her faith, to warn the living of the everlasting infamy that rests on them that die *not* as the righteous.

THE CINCINNATI SLAVE CASE.

We copied, last week, from the Cincinnati *Commercial*, a brief report of the capture, in that city, of two fugitive slaves, who, after having reached Canada in safety, returned to assist some of their slave acquaintances in effecting their escape from bondage. The facts are more clearly presented by the Cincinnati *Gazette*, as follows:

"A couple of runaway slaves, owned by Robert W. Ingraham, of Mason County, Ky., were captured in this city on Thursday evening, and sent across the river before they had half a chance to raise an objection. It seems that the 'boys,' who are fine, muscular fellows, of the deepest ebony color, and valued at $3,000, upon other soil than that of Ohio, escaped from slavery some time last March, and immediately made their way to Canada, where they have since resided. Not content with securing their own freedom, however, they made arrangements in Mason County to run off some eight or ten others. With this view they were in active correspondence with friends.

"Unfortunately for them, one of their letters, detailing the conclusion of their plans, and naming the day they would arrive in this city, was intercepted, or fell into the hands of some person who gave information to Mr. Ingraham, who made arrangements to capture his runaway chattels. With this view he came to this city and procured a warrant from United States Commissioner Newhall, which he placed in the hands of deputy Marshal B. P. Churchill, who called to his assistance Deputy Marshal Manson, officer Harvey and John Jeffreys. For a day or two the party watched the Hamilton and Dayton dépôt, but the negroes happened to come by the Little Miami, so that their arrival was not known until they had been in town for a day.

"The officers ascertained Thursday afternoon that the boys were to take the train that evening for New Richmond, thence to Ripley, for the purpose of crossing into Mason County. An arrangement was then made with a city hackman to drive to the dépôt, and when the pair of runaways came within hailing distance, he was to cry out, 'Here's a back for New Richmond.' The arrangement was successful, and the negroes fell into the trap. The officers followed in another carriage through several streets, until they arrived at the corner of Pike and Congress streets, when, at a preconcerted signal, the driver of the hack with the negroes stopped, and the officers threw open the doors and jumped in, and before the slaves had time to remonstrate, or to use the weapons with which they were armed, they were securely manacled with Government 'wristlets.'

"The party then drove to the United States Marshal's office, in the Custom House building, and Commissioner Newhall was summoned between nine and ten o'clock at night. He objected to going into an examination at so late an hour, but the owner, Mr. Ingraham, insisted upon his rights under the Fugitive Slave law, and the Commissioner gave them a hearing. Mr. I. testified that the negroes were his slaves, owing him service and labor, and was corroborated by Mr. Tabb and Mr. White, who had accompanied him from Mason County.

"Mr. Newhall at once remanded them to the custody of Mr. Ingraham, and about 12 o'clock at night they were hurried into a carriage and driven rapidly to the Covington ferry, and across the river to Kentucky, where they were lodged in the Covington jail, preparatory to taking the cars for their former residence yesterday morning."

What a shame it is that the officials of the National Government in a free State are so degraded that they can enter with zest into the business of slave-catching; and how much more disgraceful that the Executive of a free State has no power to prevent such legalized kidnapping on the soil which it should be his duty and his pride to guard from such desecration. There clearly is no remedy for this gigantic wickedness but in a revolution which shall dash the National Government in pieces.

The kidnapped negroes in this case were, it seems, betrayed by a man of their own complexion. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says:

"Facts have since come to light which show conclusively that the negroes were betrayed by one of their own number, who accompan

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION.

UNCLE JOSEPH TO THE LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS GREETING.

THE other day there was a Temperance Convention at Longwood; William E. Moore and Robert Lowry were the strangers, and they said wise and good things. The people were greatly discouraged at the present aspect of the Temperance cause. It came into my mind, What would all the big roots of the trees do toward keeping our grand and beautiful forests alive if the little *rootlets* were cut off? So I thought, may be *we* little folks might *help out*—and I think almost everybody would like we should, for even the victims of pernicious practices often say, "I hope my children will never learn to *drink rum* or chew tobacco." Right on the spur of the moment I announced our Convention to be held at Longwood on the 7th day, the 18th inst., at 10 o'clock, a. m.

Then I turned to the two speakers and said, "Wouldn't you like to come?" I wish you could have seen how their eyes sparkled, just as they used to when they were Willie and Bobby, and they said, "Yes, indeed." And I shouldn't wonder (just between ourselves) if some of the little folks in West Chester, who never saw them any other way than as men and ministers, should come over with them to see them boys again. I did see William, that very day, put his hand on the top rail of a fence and leap right over without touching. If it had not been before he heard of the children's meeting, I should have thought he was trying to be young again. Now, it was something of a venture to make this appointment, as friend John Cox (without consulting us) had planted a field of corn so as to prevent ingress to the shady forest where we ate our lunch last year, and where the hornets thought we had no right and stung us. I saw George Peirce a few hours since, and I guess he remembered he was a boy once like the rest of us, and he said, "If you will send wagons around to the entrance with your baskets of provisions, you shall be welcome to walk over through the fields and spend the afternoon in the Park."

Was not that a *good* speech? Now, get up early, speak kindly to mother and Aunt Dinah to fill the baskets and kettles full. Entreat father not to be frightened at a little rain. Water is a great institution, and we believe in it. Some little curly-headed urchin may grow up to be a man, take it to pieces yet, and make fuel and light of it; who knows? You remember in past years we crowded the carriages to make room for the little ones who had no way of their own. Do so again. Our Father in Heaven loves little children to be generous and kind; if we begin life as we ought, we shall be more likely to grow up to be noble men and women—the lovers of *purity and universal freedom*. Your uncle and friend,

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

Hamorton, Chester Co., Pa., 9th month 1st, 1858.

PERSONAL.

William Cullen Bryant and family returned from Europe last week in the Africa.

A letter in the *N. Y. Observer*, written from Westchester, says: "I regret to say that the venerable William Jay is now in very delicate health, and is probably not far from the confines of life. He has, however, reached a good old age in the home and estate of his illustrious father, John Jay."

Rev. Dr. Bethune, in a contest with *The Independent* newspaper on some matter connected with the Tract Society, says of the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler (an anti-slavery minister of the Reformed Dutch Church), "the 'progressive' brother needs progress, one way or the other, to determine his *status*, being not long enough for a Yankee, and not broad enough for a Dutchman." This is very fair blackguardism for a doctor of divinity.

Letters received at Portland, Me., announce the death, at Havre, France, of Jeremiah Winslow, aged 77. Mr. Winslow was a native of Westbrook, Me., but for nearly half a century has resided at Havre, where he accumulated a large fortune, chiefly in a successful management of the whale fishery. He was the elder brother of Nathan Winslow of Portland, and Isaac Winslow of Philadelphia, whose early devotion to the anti-slavery cause earned for them the deep gratitude of its friends. Isaac Winslow reached Havre only in time to witness the closing scenes of his brother's life.

The Paris correspondent of *The Times*, writing on the 19th of August, says:

"Mr. Sumner left town yesterday for a season at Aix-les-Bains, in Savoy. The cauterization of the spine has done him good, and after a season at Aix he will return to Paris again and to the *moxas*. Perhaps your readers do not know the character of this remedy. A *moxa* is thus made and applied: It is composed ordinarily of carded cotton, rolled into a cone, the base of which may have an inch diameter, and slightly pressed by and contained in a piece of muslin, or other cloth. The cotton is saturated in some alcoholized substance, such as camphor or nitre. It is then placed on the skin of the patient, over the diseased part, the cotton is lighted, and as the flame reaches the bottom of the cone, it is blown into the skin by means of a blow-pipe. The skin around is protected by a wet cloth. The greatest pain is experienced when the flame first reaches the skin. Soon the cuticle begins to crack; the skin contracts into furrows, turns brown, then fries, and finishes by becoming black and carbonized, like other burnt substances. These *moxas* must be repeated often, and over the whole course of the spine, if the disease be there, in order to produce a permanent effect."

FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

FOR the view of its foreign policy entertained by that part of the English nation which answers to what we here should call "the bone and muscle"—that liberal independence, namely, that is the security of a progressive government and the ultimate power by which its ministries are made and moulded—see an article on the first page from the *London Daily News*, on British Relations with Foreign Powers.

The largeness of the view and the distance of the scene preclude pre-Raphaelite painting in of the offences that exist, or proclamation of the woe that impends over these through whom they exist. All this—a part of *our* special work as the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society—is indicated by the touch—"lowest depths of political timidity or dislike of inconvenience." It is the special function of the American Anti-Slavery Society to struggle in these *parages* to awaken "the ancient spirit and the modern emotions" which bring abhorrence of slavery into line at *whatever* "inconvenience." We work *ahead* of election-ering campaigns, to

> "——announce law
> By freedom; exact chivalry by peace;
> In struct how clear calm eyes can overawe,
> And how pure hands, stretched simply to release
> A bound slave, will not need a sword to draw,
> To be held dreadful"—

and so do the influences of Free England.

We rejoice to show our readers, as we assured them we should soon be able to do, that these influences are far too strong for the *Times* newspaper.

The policy this article develops looks past Emperors and Presidents, to peoples. May we, as a people, prove worthy to be primarily considered. Really the "inconvenience" incurred in throwing off our despotism will be but trifling to what we must endure by retaining it; and this should strengthen and encourage "timidity."

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS will close his Congressional career on the 4th of March next, at the end of the term for which he was last elected. His feeble health was urged by a portion of his constituents as a reason for sending another man in his place, but this argument was only a cover for the ambition of men who were unwilling to see their claims longer postponed. Mr. Giddings neither declined, nor asked to be nominated, but it was understood that he was willing to serve another term if his constituents should desire him to do so. His rivals were active, and the result, on the third ballot was the nomination of one of them (Mr. John Hutchins of Warren) by a small majority—the vote being for Hutchins 49, for Giddings 37, scattering 9. It is a great mistake on the part of his constituents to put another man in Mr. Giddings's place. The brave old man should have been permitted, like John Quincy Adams, to die in the harness. We shall endeavor to find room next week for the speech he made to his friends on being informed of the result of the balloting in the nominating Convention.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN BOARD.—We commend to the special attention of our readers the admirable article on the first page, in which the Rev. Dr. Cheever, with a fidelity to Christianity and Freedom which stands in marked contrast with the compromising spirit that rules the *editorial* columns of *The Independent*, rebukes that idol of the American Church, the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for its disgraceful complicity with slavery through the missions among the Choctaws and the Cherokees, and calls upon it to repent and do works meet for repentance, while yet its day of probation lasts. The case is presented with such clearness, earnestness and force as to leave no room for cavil or denial on the part of the Board or the Churches that sustain it. The Board is now in session at Detroit, and we shall soon see what course it designs to pursue in relation to this subject.

THE TARIFF.

NOTE FROM MR. C. F. HOVEY.

BOSTON, Sept. 3d, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

YOUR Philadelphia correspondent, in the last number of THE STANDARD, after writing you a half column against the Tariff of 1846, and denouncing it as the slaveholders' Tariff, and its friends at the North as doughfaces and pro-slavery Democrats, and after announcing, in a most decided manner, his preference for the Tariff of 1842, very modestly says at the close, "But I am not learned in such matters and don't assume to speak positively." His ignorance on the subject of the Tariff was quite apparent to me from reading his letter; but why, with such consciousness of his want of knowledge on the subject, he should have occupied so large a portion of his letter with it, seems to me, I confess, a little strange.

Now, Mr. Editor, *I do* assume "to be learned in such matters," and *do* "assume to speak positively"; and I hesitate not to declare that the Tariff of 1842 is one of the most outrageously unjust that ever existed in any country. It was simply legalized robbery of the most unmitigated stamp.

The Tariff of 1846 is comparatively justice itself.

If an article to prove what I assert will be acceptable to you, I will do my best to prepare one. In the meantime, I will let my opinion go for its value against that of your correspondent "M."

Yours respectfully, CHARLES F. HOVEY.

GETTING SUBSCRIBERS.—Parker Pillsbury, in a letter enclosing the name of a new subscriber to THE STANDARD, writes as follows:

"You know something of this work of procuring subscribers, though you can scarcely comprehend how much worse it is now than formerly. Newspapers are one of the plagues of our times, numerous and loathsome, often, as the locusts of Egypt. Some of them cunningly mix in a little of their own political and religious anti-slavery views, like the '*baboon's blood*' in the broth of Macbeth's hags, and thus they are palmed off as genuine anti-slavery among multitudes who have some dislike to slavery, but do not discriminate between truth and falsehood. Radical anti-slavery, that which seeks the utter annihilation of the great crime and curse, was never more distasteful than at the present hour. Republicanism is preparing for deeper plunges in the vortex of political infamy than ever before. It is moving earth and all beneath to carry the Presidency in 1860, and, though already below the old Whig party of 1848, it is still seeking for new and lower deeps of humiliation and degradation before the bloody divinity of our nation's worship. They do not learn wisdom from the past. The curse of the serpent in Eden was realized by the Whigs, ten years ago—'*On their belly they went, and dust they ate*,' till they died of it, and yet the South disdained them—would not trust them. The Republicans are imitating their example; but it will only be with the same success.

"Demented beings! Do they not see that they are already so like the Democracy as to make it wholly indifferent to the cause of truth and right which of the two parties is in power? But God reigns above—at which ever rejoices your faithful, hopeful friend and co-worker,

"PARKER PILLSBURY."

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3, 1858.

As there is nothing in the movements of the Church or in the manifestations of Trade to indicate the current of public opinion on the questions which interest your readers, I am compelled to fall back upon politics.

In the 1st Congressional District of this city there is reason to hope that the reelection of the contemptible Tom Florence will be defeated. The party has split and the anti-Lecomptonites have made a separate nomination. Dr. Nebinger, a man of good repute as a party politician, is the anti-Lecompton candidate. It is supposed that he will divert votes enough from Florence to give the election to the nominee of the Republicans, whoever that may be. A selection has not yet been made, nor, if it were, would you or your readers be any the wiser for the mention of his name. The soil of the First District, politically speaking, is not prolific of great men.

In the IId District the Democrats have nominated Mr. George H. Martin, the contest having been between that gentleman and George M. Wharton, Esq., for the honor of being candidate. Mr. Wharton is a lawyer of distinction and ability, but he has lately compromised his reputation by descending to the low arts of a demagogue. He was a friend of Judge Kane and his retained counsel in the untried suit instituted by Passmore Williamson. Martin is a gassy, fussy fellow, of more blood than brains, who means no evil and intends no good, and who is not likely to accomplish much of either in Congress, as his election is by no means probable. E. Joy Morris, the Americo-Republican incumbent, it is generally supposed will be returned.

In the IIId District, Landy, the Lecomptonite who now holds the office, has been renominated by his party. John P. Verree, Esq., late President of our Select Council, is to be run, I understand, by the Republicans in opposition; in which case, it is said, Mr. Landy's career in Congress will be sure to have come to a period.

In the IVth District, now represented by Henry M. Phillips, an "Israelite with Egyptian principles," Wm. M. Millward and Wm. B. Thomas are spoken of as candidates of the opposition. The latter is every way the better man, but I fear on this account has the less chance of getting the nomination. We have not yet made sufficient progress in this city to warrant the expectation that a man so thoroughly anti-slavery and so truly estimable in all other regards as Wm. B. Thomas will be chosen by a popular party as their candidate for Congress.

In the Vth District, represented now by Owen Jones, there are, on the part of the Opposition, many candidates for the candidacy. Among these are James Hooven, of Norristown, and Wm. Morris Davis, of Milestown, either of them well enough qualified for the office—quite as well as the best of their competitors, and both much above the average of men in point of character and general ability. If it were merely a question of moral worth or fitness for the place, either of them might be taken up with the certainty of election; but as it is, the chief qualification for office being the ability to obtain it, it is possible that men of a lower grade may have a better chance.

These five constitute all the Congressional Districts of the city. Out of Philadelphia the most noteworthy nomination yet made is that of Thaddeus Stevens by the Republicans of Lancaster County. Mr. Stevens is a man of mark, and, if elected, will make himself felt by the minions of oppression. When in Congress before, he was the terror of the doughfaces and the especial aversion of the Slave Power. His speech on the 20th of February, 1850, contained passages of the most thorough anti-slavery invective ever delivered in the Hall of the Representatives.

"I am opposed," said he in that speech, "to despotism throughout the world. In my judgment, not only the slave States, but the General Government, recognizing, as it does, slavery, is a despotism. * * * Despotism does not depend upon the number of rulers. It may have one ruler or many. Rome was a despotism under Nero; so she was under the Triumvirate. Athens was a despotism under her Thirty Tyrants; under her Four Hundred Tyrants; under her Three Thousand Tyrants. * * * In this government, the free white citizens are the rulers—the sovereigns, as we delight to be called. All others are subjects. * * *

"The rulers and the ruled are of all colours, from the clear white of the Caucasian tribes to the swarthy Ethiopian. The former, by courtesy, are all called white, the latter black. In this government the subject has no rights, social, political or personal. He has no voice in the laws which govern him. He can hold no property. His very wife and children are not his. His labor is another's. He and all that appertain to him are the absolute property of his rulers. He is governed, bought, sold, punished, executed, by laws to which he never gave his assent, and by rulers whom he never chose. He is not a serf, merely, with half the rights of men, like the subjects of despotic Russia; but a naked slave, stripped of every right which God and nature gave him, and which the high spirit of our revolution declared inalienable—which he himself could not surrender, and which man could not take from him. Is he not, then, the subject of despotic sway?

"The slaves of Athens and Rome were free in comparison. They had some rights—could acquire some property; could choose their own masters, and purchase their own freedom; and, when free, could rise in social and political life. The slaves of America, then, lie under the most absolute and grinding despotism that the world ever saw. But who are the despots? The rulers of the country—the sovereign people! Not merely the slaveholder who cracks the lash. He is but the instrument in the hands of despotism. That despotism is the government of the slave States, and the United States, consisting of all its rulers, all the free citizens. Do not look upon this as a paradox, because you and I and the sixteen millions of rulers are free. The rulers of every despotism are free. Nicholas of Russia is free. The grand Sultan of Turkey is free. The butcher of Austria is free. Augustus, Anthony and Lepidus were free while they drenched Rome in blood. The Thirty Tyrants, the Four Hundred, the Three Thousand, were free while they bound their countrymen in chains. You, and I, and the sixteen millions, are free, while we fasten iron chains, and rivet manacles on four millions of our fellow-men; tear their wives and children from them; separate them; sell them and doom them to perpetual, eternal bondage. Are we not then despots—*despots such as history will brand and God abhor?*"

Let me quote another passage, to show you how he scathed the doughfaces. Alluding to the threats of Southern members, which he treated with great scorn, he said:

"And yet you are not wholly without justification in the belief that your menaces will be effectual. You have more than once frightened the tame North from its propriety and found 'doughfaces' enough to act as your tools. And when you lacked a given number, I take no pride in saying you were sure to find them in old Pennsylvania, who, in former years, has ranked a portion of her delegation among your most submissive slaves. But I hope, with some fears, that the race of doughfaces is extinct. I do not see how it could be otherwise. They were an unmanly, an unvirile race, incapable, according to the laws of nature, of reproduction. I hope they have left no descendants. The old ones are deep in political graves. For them I am sure there is no resurrection, for they were soulless."

Mr. Stevens doesn't belong to the class of candidates who are in danger of defeat because they are too good to be elected. He has none of those scrup'es as to the means of accomplishing a good end that bother others of more fastidious consciences. Not that he would stoop to the base acts of a demagogue or be guilty of any paltry or dishonorable trick, as these phrases are generally understood; but still he would not hesitate on points of questionable morality, nor be found impracticable where other men's consciences might raise a difficulty. You remember his speech to our friend E. F. Pennypacker, when they were both Canal Commissioners together under Governor Ritner. That illustrates him. The question was what they should do to secure the Governor's reelection. Some measures were proposed at which our friend Elijah, with his Quaker conscience, boggled. "Pennypacker," said Thaddeus, "I tell you what it is—it doesn't do to be too d—d virtuous!" You will now understand what I mean when I say that Mr. Stevens is not over-scrupulous, and will not be needlessly embarrassed in the coming canvass by conscientious objections. And yet the principle involved in this sentiment, though it is not usually stated so broadly or in such irreverent terms, lies at the basis of all success, either of individuals or of parties, under our Federal Government.

Your correspondent, "H. W. G.," in last week's STANDARD, speaking of the Gerrit Smith party, which he does not regard as a very potent one, says, "I, for one, sincerely hope that their little diversion will lead to the utter defeat of the Republican party, worthless and unprincipled as it is." Now, I am at a loss to see what good anti-slavery end would be accomplished by the realization of such a hope. The defeat of the Republican party would be the triumph of the Buchanan Democracy; is that a consummation devoutly to be wished? Is that party less "worthless and unprincipled" than the Republicans?

Mr. Garrison, in a speech published in the same paper, criticises with severe but discriminating fidelity the Republican party, but nevertheless adds, "it is undeniably the best political party we have." If this be so, why should its "utter defeat" be to our friend H. W. G. an object of solicitude? Is it because it deserves defeat? Hardly, for the same may be said, with at least equal justice, of the Democratic party. Is it urged that no party based and constituted as is that of the Republicans should receive the intentional support of a true Abolitionist? That is true; but still the question recurs, Why throw the weight of a "sincere hope" into the scale of their opponents? Why not hold the balance even?

The debate between Parson Brownlow and Mr. Pryne begins next Tuesday evening. Mr. Pryne is here, and a very modest, prepossessing person he is. From his looks and manner I should take him to be a man of much more than ordinary ability.

The time of our State meeting has been definitely fixed. It is to be on the 6th, 7th and 8th of October (Wednesday, Thursday and Friday), in the town of West Chester. It will be a great meeting. M.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

THE SLAVER AT CHARLESTON.—We devote considerable space this week to the case of the slaver lately captured by the U. S. brig Dolphin, and taken into the port of Charleston. It will be seen that a proposition was actually made by influential slaveholders to seize and enslave the several Africans, and that it was defeated only by the firmness of the U. S. authorities, who dared not to commit such an open breach of the law. The slaves are to be sent to Africa in the steamer Niagara, lately employed in laying the Atlantic Cable, and it is supposed that the President will accept the offer of the Colonization Society to provide for them for one year in Liberia, for the sum of $50,000.

The captain of the slaver is, it seems, a native of Rhode Island, an educated man and a member of a respectable family. The Lords, Adamses and Blagdens may see in this fact an evidence that their teachings have not been altogether in vain.

Summary.

SLAVERY IN KANSAS.—The Sheriff of Leavenworth County, Kansas, advertises for sale—a yoke of oxen and ONE NEGRO BOY.

In Clarksville, last week, a negro man and his wife brought $2,000, and a negro boy about 12 years of age $951.—*The South.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson's portrait is to be painted by Mr. C. F. Barry, for an English engraving; and Mr. Whittier is to be served in the same way.

Report says that Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. are about to commence the publication of a weekly paper, which will be of a literary stamp.

THE INDIANA YEARLY MEETING of the Friends of Progress will be held in Richmond, commencing September 17, 1858. A general invitation is extended.

COMPLIMENTARY REMORT.—"I knew Mr. Lincoln in early life; he commenced his life as a grocer." — *Senator Douglas.*

"The only difference between Judge Douglas and myself on the grocery question is, that while I have stood on one side of the counter, he has been equally attentive on the other."—*Lincoln.*

SLAVE STAMPEDE.—On the 14th ult., says the Lynchburg (Va.) *Republican*, six negroes absconded from their masters, living in Barbour County, Va. Three from Mr. Coder, two from Mr. Isaac Woodford, and one from Mr. Hite. Four of Mr. Reynold's slaves absconded from Taylor County at the same time—making ten runaway negroes in one stampede.

BELL-RINGING BY TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Stearns, who has already rung the bells of this city from Portland, has announced his purpose of effecting an arrangement, as soon as practicable, to have the 12 o'clock signal, now daily rung upon the church bells from his office, struck from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich!—*Boston Transcript.*

SLAVE STAMPEDE.—Four slave men, two belonging to Joseph C. Pancake, Esq., and two to Mr. Michael Miller, says the *Staunton* (Va.) *Vindicator*, escaped from the South Branch, in Hampshire County, Va., on Saturday night, the 22d inst., taking with them four horses, the property of Mr. Pancake. Parties are in pursuit of them. The horses were found in a field near Cresaptown, Md.

The colored population of Providence, R. I., have commenced a suit against Mr. Glading, principal of one of the grammar schools of that city, for refusing the son of a colored man the privilege of entering the school as a pupil. The father of the colored boy is a tax payer, and he and his friends are determined to test the question whether colored children can enter white schools.

DEATH OF OLD MRS. KIDD.—Mrs. Kidd, a venerable colored woman, well known in this city, died this morning at the house of her son, Henry Kidd (long the well-known porter of the American Hotel), on High street. She was a little over 103 years old. She was born in Virginia, and once knew Gen. Washington, and many other distinguished men of that State, very well. She has resided in this city many years, and was much respected by those who knew her.—*Cleveland Plaindealer, Aug. 27.*

A SLAVE MURDERED BY HER MISTRESS.—We learn from a friend, who had the facts from a resident of Belbuckle, on the Chattanooga Railroad, that a Mrs. Long, the wife of Dr. Long, of that place, a few days since whipped a negro woman so severely that she died within an hour or two after the infliction. The Coroner's verdict was in accordance with this statement. The woman and her husband, we learn, have fled from the country.—*Nashville Daily News.*

NEW BRANCH OF COMMERCE.—The New Orleans *Picayune* notices a hunter of alligators, who has captured four hundred in the swamps near that city since May. He goes into the swamps at night with a pan of fire, and shoots them as they crowd around the light. The skins are sold at 75 cents each, and make the very best boots. The oil, tusks and hides of these four hundred captured animals have netted the captor $560 in three months.

REV. CHARLES BEECHER.—The *Boston Recorder* says that this clergyman not only believes in the "East India Notion of Pre-Existence," but also "that Christ, when on earth, was in a state of probation"; "that belief in a Calvinistic creed should not be a qualification for admission to the Christian church"; that "Christ *may* redeem all men in the next world, if not in this," and "that God *may* pardon the devil as well as here." Notwithstanding this, he was duly installed lately as pastor of the Georgetown Congregational church.

WHERE FINE SHAWLS COME FROM.—In Rockhara, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the under part of his body is growing. This fine hair is cut off so carefully that not a fibre is lost; it is put by until there is enough to spin into a yarn unequalled for softness; and then it is dyed all manner of colors, and woven into strips eight inches wide, of shall patterns, such as—with all our pains and cost, with all our schools of design and study of art—we are not yet able to rival. These strips are then sewn together so cunningly that no European can discover the joints. They are then taken fifteen hundred miles to the boxers of Russia to be sold.

A GENUINE LOVER OF LIBERTY.—There is a hard-fisted, rough white laborer in this city who intends to-day to record deeds of emancipation for a colored woman, with whom he has lived for years, and five of their children. He came from Arkansas, leaving there some real and personal property, because his conscience would not allow him any longer to hold his wife in slavery. He has already exhausted his ready money, and is stopping at a house in Gilmore Alley, in circumstances of considerable destitution. He is bravely endeavoring to get work—even the humblest—performing freedom and poverty to comfortable circumstances in the midst of slavery.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—On Monday morning last, Mr. John Shaw, the stage-driver between Montpelier and Chelsea, left Chelsea (where he resides) for Montpelier, to return to Washington to stop for the night. A child of his being very sick when he left home, he requested his wife to attach a note to the collar of his dog, informing him of the child's state, and to despatch the dog at 10 o'clock in the evening, in search of his master. At about 11 o'clock Mr. Snow heard the dog at the door of his room in Washington, and upon his collar was the note, informing him that the child was much better. The dog had travelled about ten miles, and with remarkable precision went directly to the room in which his master slept. If "Tasso" isn't a "carrier dove," he is surely entitled to credit as a carrier dog—an expeditious telegraph, without batteries or wires.—*Montpelier (Vt.) Watchman.*

A DIFFERENCE IN DEMEANOR.—A Canadian correspondent of the *Pittsburgh Gazette*, writing from Toronto, speaks of the demeanor of the colored people of Canada as follows:

"All the servants (at the Rossin House, a principal hotel) are colored, and seem more attentive and respectful than the same kind of people sometimes are on our side of the line. Indeed, all the colored people I have met in Canada are so, and the fact is especially noted, because it is different from what we in the States suppose. Whether they have caught the submissive manner from the poorer class of English, or whether a genuine sense of independence and equality with their fellowmen, makes real gentlemen out of them, I cannot say."

POLYGAMY.—There is a good deal of fear among the Mormons that they are to have trouble with Judge Eckles and his Court, whenever it meets, upon the subject of Polygamy; and there is little doubt that the Judge will put them to the rack on that question, unless the President shall have tied his hands. A careful investigation shows that there is no necessity for relying on the old Mexican law in order to punish polygamy. The Territorial Legislature has never passed a law legalizing polygamy, but has a very stringent law against adultery, which is punished severely. As the law fails to define what adultery is, the common law definition must prevail; and as *that* recognizes only one wife for each man—the one to whom he is first married—there would seem to be no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that all intercourse with others than her is clearly adulterous. It certainly would be well to have the question tested by the Courts.—*Utah Cor. of the Times.*

FRUITS OF EMANCIPATION.—A correspondent at Georgetown, Demerara, writing on the 5th inst., says: "The crops this year are beyond all precedent, and the colony is rapidly improving in mining and agricultural enterprises. Upwards of 1,000 persons are now engaged on the banks of the Essequibo river gold-washing, and an English company is in the Pacaraima mountains breaking quartz by steam, and are reaping a rich harvest. Cotton, tobacco, rice and corn grow well, and their culture has attracted the attention of capitalists to such an extent that the export of these staples in a few years will quadruple the present yield. Ditching the land along the sea-shore is going on extensively, and several charters for railroads in the interior have been granted to companies who possess wealth and enterprise. Quiet, health and plenty prevail among us."

SPURGEON.—Mr. Raymond, the editor of the *New York Times*, in a recent letter to his own journal, thus speaks of the great pulpit orator of modern London:

"I went to hear another English celebrity—Mr. Spurgeon, who continues to preach to enormous congregations, and with undiminished popularity, which it is not easy to explain or understand. He is neither able nor eloquent. He is excessively common-place in both matter and manner. He has a clear voice, very great fluency in the construction and utterance of sentences, and a certain directness in his style of thought and expression. But he is extremely shallow, and frequently sophistical to a degree absolutely insulting to the understanding of his hearers. There are at least half a dozen clergymen in New-York who are not only far abler preachers, but who would seem to have the elements of popularity in a far greater degree."

FAITH IN A BABE.—Mrs. L—— had lost her little pet lamb—her only one—of only six summers, by scarletina. Her neighbor's child, not quite so old, went over to spend a Sunday afternoon hour or two; and as she was the dead Lizzie's playmate, Lizzie's playthings were brought out by the bereft mother for her young visitor's amusement; Mrs. L—— dropping frequent tears at the sight of the old familiar sport. When at night, and at home, the little girl was going to bed she asked her mother to let her for once say her prayers alone in her bedroom, instead of at the maternal knee; and she did so. Coming back from her brief devotions, her mother said she would like to know the reason of her darling's unusual wish. Artlessly as though a violet could speak, the almost baby said: "I asked the Lord to give Mrs. L—— a little baby like yours, mamma, instead of Lizzie, so she won't cry any more. But the prettiest part of it is, that the first thing on Monday morning, our sweet little petitioner wanted to "run right over to Mrs. L——'s, *to see if the baby is come*," as prayed for! How would this do as an illustration of faith?

WHAT CIGARS ARE MADE OF!—The New York correspondent of the Scotsaric *Republican*, who, it may be presumed, is domiciled in the neighborhood of the Custom-house, gives the following revelation of the component materials of "real Havanas." We copy it for the benefit of those who inhale, or suppose they inhale, the fragrant weed. It shows the doubt which hangs over not only what we drink, but also what we smoke:

"Talking of cigars, I was told by a government appraiser, a few days since, the following *true* story in connection with the cigar trade of this city: A large German importing house had received an invoice of foreign cigars, which were appraised by the custom officers at three dollars per thousand. The importers were dissatisfied, and asked for a re-appraisement, which was granted; and under the most positive evidence, supported by the oath of the dealers, the cigars were admitted at a valuation $1 50 per thousand. Now the evidence alluded to was this—that not a particle of tobacco entered into the composition of said cigars, but that they were wholly composed of oak and other leaves soaked in a strong tobacco lye. I understand that large quantities of these 'real Havanas' find their way into the interior, and, from some experience I have had in that line, I am inclined to believe that a few specimens might be found even among the primitive society of 'Old Scoharie.'"

EMANCIPATION IN THE PORTUGUESE COLONIES.—The King of Portugal issues proclamations abolishing slavery at Macao and Angola, and instituting a system of gradual emancipation in all the Portuguese Colonies—all children hereafter born in slavery to become free on reaching the age of twenty.

All the world regards slavery as a relic of barbarism, except the United States of America. Mexico and the South American Republics abolished it when they first raised the flag of independence. Great Britain abolished it in 1833. France in 1849. Even the Sultan has shut up his slave market at Constantinople, and the Czar has just issued edicts of emancipation from St. Petersburgh. The Portuguese, though they were the first to introduce slavery, do not mean to be the last to abolish it. That distinction seems to be reserved either for Spain or the United States, with the chances rather in favor of the latter.—*Albany Eve. Jour.*

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.—*Havana, N. Y., Thursday, Sept. 2*, 1858.—Eight or ten thousand people assembled here to-day to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the People's College. The procession was a large one. The Rev. Mark Hopkins, President of Williams College, gave the principal address, but the immense concourse, and a fine breeze, rendered hearing to the majority impossible. Briefer speeches were made by Amos Brown, President of the College, Horace Greeley of New York, Daniel S. Dickinson of Binghampton, and the Rev. F. G. Hibbard.

The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies by John L. Lewis, Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity in this State. The procession then reformed and proceeded to a tent in the village, where a dinner had been prepared for nearly one thousand persons, and all the seats were filled. Charles Cook, principal patron of the College, was President of the day. After dinner, sentiments were responded to by President Hopkins, Senator Diven, A. B. Dickinson, Horace Greeley, Daniel S. Dickinson, ex-Governor Myron H. Clark, Henry Bradley of Yates County, President Jackson of Hobart Free College, the Rev. W. H. Goodwin, Senator Upham of Genesee, Charles Cook and others.

KIDNAPPING.—We learn from the Wilmington (Del.) *Commonwealth* that, some month or two back, two negro boys were inveigled into a trap set for the purpose by some as yet unknown individuals in Sussex County, and, being secured, were kidnapped, carried away and sold into slavery at the South. A distinguished lawyer of that county was consulted in regard to the matter, who immediately put things in train for the discovery of the whereabouts of the boys. Having got on the right track, matters were pushed on vigorously, and finally the two negroes were traced to their present location, and identified. The gentleman having the matter in charge proceeded to the spot, which is in the neighborhood of Richmond, Virginia, and, having seen the boys, returned and passed through this city a few days ago, on his way to Sussex, for the purpose of obtaining the necessary evidence wherewith to identify the negroes, as will lead to their release and return to home, friends and freedom. The names of the parties engaged in the nefarious business of kidnapping have not yet been given to the public, but will be in the course of a few weeks, and, if possible, they will be arrested and tried for the offence against the laws of Delaware.—*Chester County (Pa.) Times.*

HABEAS CORPUS.—On Monday last the petition of John Bradly, sometimes called John Rust, and Elsy, his brother, for writ of *habeas corpus*, was heard before Judge Meredith.

The petitioners, who claim to be free persons of color, residents of Georgetown, Delaware, were brought to Richmond on the 10th of August, by one Henry E. L. Morris, and sent to the jail of Robert Lumpkin, and the next day were sold by Messrs. Dickinson, Hill & Co., for $2,615, and purchased by Wm. A. Pulliam, of Kentucky, through his agent, the said Robert Lumpkin.

It appeared from the evidence of Judge Layton and Mayor Sorden, two witnesses from Delaware, that there was a suit pending at Dover for the freedom of these negroes, and that pending the same, the claimant, Clement Rust—who claimed to be the owner in Delaware—sold them to a trader who ran them off to Maryland, where they were resold; and that they were again sold at Drummondtown, Accomac, whence they were brought to Richmond, where they were disposed of for $2 615

Mr. Heath, counsel for the negroes, under these circumstances, did not ask for their discharge under this proceeding, but that they might be retained in the custody of the Court until he could institute proceedings under the statute for a suit for freedom *in forma pauperis*. He further stated that, whatever might be the merits of the grounds upon which the negroes sued for freedom in Delaware, he should have no difficulty in establishing their freedom now under a statute of Delaware, which forbids the exportation of slaves without license, under a penalty of a pecuniary fine and the freedom of the negroes so sold. That there had been no license in this case, and it was clear that the negroes had been sold for exportation.

Col. August appeared for the claimants of the negroes and made no objection to the course of proceeding indicated for the purpose of trying the right of the negroes to freedom.

The case will come up at the November Court, to be tried by a jury. In the interim the negroes remain in the custody of the Sheriff.

At the first sale, in Delaware, these negroes sold for $400 apiece; in Drummondtown they brought $900 apiece, and here they brought over $1 300 apiece, all done within a week. Negroes sell for a small price in Delaware, because the statutes of that State forbid their sale for exportation, unless under special license for cause, such as misconduct, &c.—*The South.*

THE BOWDITCH LIBRARY.—The fours sons of the late Dr. Bowditch have presented his valuable collection of books to the Free Public Library of Boston.

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

HYMN.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

"——— a strain which I could fancy tradition to have handed down through the ranks of French Protestantism, from the Albigenses and the Vaudois—the Calvinists and the Huguenots; though it may quite as probably be of Catholic origin, being so eminently human in its passion and its power as to satisfy the universal cry of the human heart for self-devotedness worthy of adoration."—*Liberty Bell*, 1845.

MORTALS! are ye fain to know
What is all my hope below,
All my knowledge, all my sense,
My treasure and my recompense?
Jesus the crucified.

What the anchor of my faith?
What the law my nature hath?
What the perfect sacrifice,
On whose power my heart relies?
Jesus the crucified.

Who doth mediate between
God my Maker and my sin?
In my sorrows and my fears,
Who hath looked upon my tears?
Jesus the crucified.

In my days of bitter grief,
Who alone can give relief?
While my troubled watches keeping,
What Divine One stays my weeping?
Jesus the crucified.

Who my fainting spirit sees,
Giving me for torment ease?
Who, when grief and pain must be,
Fills my soul with constancy?
Jesus the crucified.

Prince of Peace—say who is he
That with blessings crowneth me?
Whose the love that hither came
To fire my spirit with its flame?
Jesus the crucified.

Who is he whose death hath brought
To my life a higher thought?
Who the friend that calleth me
To himself unceasingly?
Jesus the crucified.

Who is he, triumphant One,
Reigning in my heart alone,
That from deepest suffering ever
Doth my o'er-fraught soul deliver?
Jesus the crucified.

Who, when untried ways are mine,
Offers me his torch divine?
What the pure and living light,
Making all my pathway bright?
Jesus the crucified.

Ah! together celebrate
All the Savior's blessings great,
And a hymn of joy outpour,
Singing, saying evermore,
Jesus the crucified.

City of the Cape, Haiti, 1841.

HARRIET HOSMER.

From The Englishwoman's Journal.

BORN at Watertown, in the State of Massachusetts, in the year 1831, Harriet Hosmer is the only surviving daughter of a physician, who, having lost wife and child by consumption, and fearing a like fate for the survivor, gave her horse, dog, gun and boat, and insisted upon an out-doors' life as indispensable to health. A fearless horsewoman, a good shot, an adept in rowing, swimming, diving and skating, Harriet Hosmer is a signal instance of what judicious physical training will effect in conquering even hereditary taint of constitution. Willingly as the active, energetic child acquiesced in her father's wishes, she contrived, at the same time, to gratify and develop her own peculiar tastes; and many a time and oft, when the worthy doctor may have flattered himself that his darling was in active exercise, she might have been found in a certain clay-pit, not very far from the paternal residence, making early attempts at modelling horses, dogs, sheep, men and women, any objects, in short, which attracted her attention. Then, too, both here and subsequently at Lenox, she made good use of her time by studying natural history, and of her gun by securing specimens for herself of the wild creatures of the woods, feathered and furred, dissecting some, and with her own hands preparing and stuffing others. The walls of the room devoted to her special use in "the old house at home" are covered with birds, bats, butterflies and beetles, snakes and toads, while sundry bottles of spirits contain subjects carefully dissected and prepared by herself.

Ingenuity and taste too are shown in the use to which the young girl applied the eggs and feathers of the nests and birds she had pilfered. One inkstand, in particular, a very early production, evincing mechanical genius and artistic taste. Taking the head, throat, wings and side feathers of a blue-bird, and having blown a hen's egg, she set it on end, forming the breast of the bird, as it were, by the oval surface of the egg, while, through the open beak and extended neck, entrance was gained to the cavity of the egg containing the ink.

In fact, no one can look round this apartment, occupied by the child and young girl, without at once recognizing the force and individuality of character which have since distinguished her. So true is it that the child is father of the man.

Full of fun and frolic, numerous anecdotes are told of practical jokes perpetrated to such an excess that Dr. Hosmer, satisfied with the progress towards health and strength his child had made, and having endeavored, without success, to place her under tuition in daily and weekly schools near home, determined to commit her to the care of Mrs. Sedgwick, of Lenox, Massachusetts. Thither the young lady, having been expelled from one school, and given over as incorrigible at another, was accordingly sent, with strict injunctions that health should still be a paramount consideration, and that the new pupil should have liberty to ride and walk, shoot and swim, to her heart's content. In wiser or kinder hands the young girl could not have been placed. Here, too, she met with Mrs. Fanny Kemble, whose influence tended to strengthen and develop her already decided tastes and predilections. To Mrs. Kemble we have heard the young artist gratefully attribute the encouragement which decided her to follow sculpture as a profession, and to devote herself and her life to the pursuit of art.

Justly or unjustly, an anonymous squib upon Boston and Bostonians was, about this time, attributed to Miss Hosmer, while a practical joke upon a physician of Boston was the immediate cause of her being sent away to Lenox. Her health having given her father some uneasiness, the gentleman in question, a physician in large practice, was called in to attend her. The rather uncertain visits of this physician proved a source of great annoyance and some real inconvenience to his patient, inasmuch as they interfered with her rides and drives, shooting and boating excursions. Having borne with the inconvenience some time, she requested the gentleman, as a great favor, to name an hour for his call, that she might make her arrangements accordingly. The physician agreed, but punctuality is not always at the command of professional men. Matters were as bad as ever. Sometimes the twelve o'clock appointment did not come off till three o'clock in the afternoon. One day, in particular, Dr. ——— was some hours after the time. A playful quarrel took place between physician and patient, and, as he rose to take his leave and offered another appointment, Miss Hosmer insisted upon his giving his word to keep it.

"If I am alive," said he, "I will be here," naming some time on a certain day.

"Then if you are not here," was the reply, "I am to conclude that you are dead."

Thus they parted. The day and hour arrived, but no doctor made his appearance! That evening Miss Hosmer rode into Boston, and next morning the papers announced the decease of Dr. ———.

Popular, both in his public and private capacity, half Boston and its neighborhood rushed to the physician's house to leave cards and messages of condolence for the family, and to inquire into the cause of the sudden and lamentable event.

In 1850, being then nineteen years of age, Harriet Hosmer left Lenox. Mrs. Sedgwick's judicious treatment, and the motive and encouragement supplied by Mrs. Kemble, had given the right impetus to that activity of mind and body which needed only guiding and directing into legitimate channels. She returned to her father's house, at Watertown, to pursue her art-studies, and to fit herself for the career she had resolved upon following. There was at this time a cousin of Miss Hosmer's studying with her father, between whom and herself existed a hearty *camaraderie*. Together the two spent many hours in dissecting legs and arms, and in making acquaintance with the human frame, Dr. Hosmer having erected a small building at the bottom of his garden to facilitate these studies. Those were days of close study and application. Lessons in drawing and modelling—for which our young student had to repair to Boston, a distance of seven or eight miles—and anatomical studies with her cousin, alternated with the inevitable rides and boating, on which her father wisely insisted. The river Charles runs immediately before the house, and on this river Harriet Hosmer had a boat-house, containing a safe broad boat, and a fragile poetical-looking gondola, with silvered prow, the delight of her heart and the terror of her less experienced and unswimming friends. The life of the young girl was at this period full of earnest purpose and noble ambition, and the untiring energy and perseverance which distinguish her now in so remarkable a degree were at this time evidenced and developed. Having modelled one or two copies from the antique, she next tried her hand on a portrait bust, and then cut Canova's bust of Napoleon in marble, working it entirely with her own hands that she might make herself mistress of the process. Her father, seeing her devoted to her studies, seconded them in every possible way, and proposed to send her to his friend, Dr. McDowell, Professor of Anatomy to the St. Louis College, that she might go through a course of regular instruction, and be thus thoroughly grounded for the branch of art she had chosen. The young artist was but too glad to close with the offer; and, in the autumn of 1850, we find her at St. Louis, residing in the family of her favorite schoolmate from Lenox, winning the hearts of all its members by her frank, joyous nature and steady application, and securing, in the head of it, what she heartily and energetically calls "the best friend I ever had."

Her independence of manner and character, joined to the fact of her entering the college as a student, could not fail to bring down animadversion, and many were the tales fabricated and circulated anent the young New Englander, who was said to carry pistols in her belt, and to be prepared to take the life of any one who interfered with her. It was perhaps no disadvantage, under the circumstances, to be protected by such a character. The college stood some way from the inhabited part of the town, and in early morning and late evening, going to and fro with the other students, it is not impossible that she owed the perfect impunity with which she set conventionality at defiance to the character for courage and skill in the use of firearms which attended her.

Dr. McDowell, charmed with the talent and earnestness of his pupil, afforded her every facility in his power, giving her the freedom of the college at all times, and occasionally bestowing upon her a private lecture, when she attended to see him prepare dissections for the public ones. Pleasant and encouraging it is to find men of ability and eminence so willing to help a woman when she is willing to help herself. The career of this young artist hitherto has been marked by the warm and generous encouragement of first-rate men, from Professor McDowell to John Gibson, and pleasant it is to find the affectionate and grateful appreciation of such kindness converting the temporary tie of master and pupil into the permanent one of tried and valued friendship. "I remember Professor McDowell," writes Miss Hosmer, "with great affection and gratitude, as being a most thorough and patient teacher, as well as at all times a good kind friend."

Through the winter and spring of 1851, in fact during the whole term, Harriet Hosmer prosecuted her studies with unremitting zeal and attention, and at the close was presented with a "diploma," or, as we in England should call it, a certificate, testifying her anatomical efficiency. During her stay at St. Louis, and as a testimony of her gratitude and regard, Miss Hosmer cut, from a bust of Professor McDowell, by Clevenger, a medallion in marble, life size, which is now in the museum of the college. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that Clevenger and Powers both studied anatomy under this professor.

The "diploma" achieved, our young aspirant was bent upon seeing New Orleans before returning to her New England home. It was a season of the year not favorable for such travel, and, from one cause or another, she failed in inducing any of her friends to accompany her. To will and to do are synonymous with some, and so Harriet Hosmer, having set her mind upon an excursion down the Mississippi to the Crescent City, embarked herself one fine morning on board a steamer bound for New Orleans. The river was shallow, the navigation difficult; many a boat did our adventurous traveller pass high and dry; but fortune, as usual, was with her, and she reached her destination in safety. The weather was intensely warm, but, nothing daunted, our young friend saw all that was to be seen, returning at night to sleep on board the steamer as it lay in its place by the levee, and at the expiration of a week returning with it to St. Louis. Arrived there, instead of rejoining her friends, she took boat for the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Upper Mississippi, stopping on the way at Dubuque to visit a lead mine, into which she descended by means of a bucket, and came very near an accident which most inevitably have resulted fatally; a catastrophe which, as no one knew where she was, would probably have remained a secret forever. At the Falls of St. Anthony, she went among the Indians, much to their surprise and amusement, and brought away with her a pipe, presented by the chief in token of amity. She also achieved the ascent of a mountain, never before undertaken by a female, and so delighted were the spectators with her courage and agility that they insisted upon knowing her name, that the mountain might thenceforth be called after her. In a visit to St. Louis last summer, Miss Hosmer found that her rustic admirers had been as good as their word, and "Hosmer's Height" remains in evidence of "the little lady's" ambition and courage.

On her return to St. Louis, where her prolonged absence had created no little uneasiness, she remained but a short time, and, bidding farewell to her kind friends, retraced her steps homeward.

This was in the summer of 1851. No sooner had Harriet Hosmer reached home than she set to work to model an ideal bust of Hesper, continuing her anatomical studies with her cousin, and employing her intervals of leisure and rest in reading, writing and boating. Now followed a period of earnest work, cheered and inspired by those visions of success, of purpose fulfilled, of high aims realized, which haunt the young and enthusiastic aspirant, and throw a halo round the youthful days of genius which lends a color to the whole career. As Lowell wisely and poetically says:

"Great dreams preclude low ends."

Better to aspire and fail than not aspire at all. Better to know the dream and the fever, and the awakening, if it must be, than to pass from the cradle to the grave on the level plane of content with things as they are. There may be aspiration without genius, there cannot be genius without aspiration; and where genius is backed by industry and perseverance, the aspiration of one period will meet its realization in another.

To go to Rome, to make herself acquainted with all the treasures of art, ancient and modern, to study and work as the masters of both periods had studied and worked before her, this was now our youthful artist's ambition, and all the while she labored, heart and soul, at Hesper, the first creation of her genius, watching its growth beneath her hand, as a young mother watches step by step the progress of her first-born; kneading in with the plastic clay all those thousand hopes and fears, which turn by turn charm and agitate all who aspire. At length, the clay model finished, a block of marble was sought and found, and brought home to the shed in the garden, hitherto appropriated to dissecting purposes, but now fitted up as a studio. Here, with her own small hands, the youthful maiden, short of stature, and delicate in make, anything but robust in health, with chisel and mallet blocked out the bust, and subsequently, with rasp and file, finished it to the last degree of manipulative perfection. Months and months it took, and hours and days of quiet toil and patience, but those wings of genius, perseverance and industry, were hers, and love lent zest to the work. It was late summer in 1852 before Hesper was fully completed.

"Now," said its author to her father, "I am ready to go to Rome."

"And go you shall, my child, this very autumn," was the reply.

Anxious as Dr. Hosmer was to facilitate in every way the career his daughter had chosen, there was yet another reason for going to Italy before winter set in. Study and nervous anxiety had made their impression upon a naturally delicate constitution, and a short dry cough alarmed the worthy doctor for his child's health.

October of 1852 saw father and daughter on their way to Europe, the St. Louis diploma and daguerreotype of Hesper being carefully stowed away in the safest corner of the portmanteau, as evidences of what the young artist had already achieved, when, arrived at Rome, she should seek the instruction of one of two masters, whose fame, world-wide, could alone satisfy our aspirant's ambition. So eager was her desire to reach Rome that a week only was given to England, when, joining some friends in Paris, the whole party proceeded to Rome, arriving in the Eternal City on the evening of November 12, 1852.

Within two days the daguerreotypes were placed in the hands of Mr. Gibson, as he sat at breakfast in the Café Greco, a famous place of resort for artists.

Now, be it known as a caution to women not to enter lightly upon any career, to throw it up as lightly upon the first difficulty which arises, that a prejudice existed in Rome against lady artists, from the pretensions with which some had repaired thither, and upon which they had succeeded in gaining access to some of the best studios and instruction from their masters, to throw these valuable opportunities aside at the first obstacle that arose. Mr. Gibson had himself, it was said, been thus victimized and annoyed, and it was represented to Miss Hosmer as doubtful in the extreme if he would either look at the daguerreotype or listen to the proposal of her becoming his pupil. However, the daguerreotypes were placed before him, and, taking them into his hands, one presenting a full and the other a profile view of the bust, he sat some moments in silence, looking intently at them. Encouraged by this, the young sculptor who had undertaken to present them proceeded to explain Miss Hosmer's intentions and wishes, what she had already done, and what she hoped to do. Still Mr. Gibson remained silent. Finally, closing the cases,

"Send the young lady to me," said he, "and whatever I know and can teach her she shall learn."

In less than a week Harriet Hosmer was fairly installed in Mr. Gibson's studio, in the upstairs room we have already described, and where she still is, though rapidly outgrowing the space allotted to her. It is difficult, however, for master and pupil, or, we should rather say, for the two friends, to part; for, spite of the difference of years, or perhaps in consequence of it, a truly paternal and filial affection has sprung up between the two, a source of great happiness to themselves, and of pleasure and amusement to all who know and value them, from the curious likeness, yet unlikeness, which existed from the first in Miss Homer to Mr. Gibson, and which daily intercourse has not tended to lessen.

The first winter in Rome was passed in modelling from the antique, Mr. Gibson desiring to assure himself of the correctness of Miss Homer's eye, and the soundness of her knowledge, Hesper evincing the possession of the imaginative and creative power. From the first, Mr. Gibson expressed himself more than satisfied with her power of imitating the roundness and softness of flesh, saying, upon one occasion, that he had never seen it surpassed, and not often equalled.

Her first attempt at original design in Rome was a bust of Daphne, quickly succeeded by another of the Medusa—the beautiful Medusa—and a lovely thing it is, faultless in form, and intense in its expression of horror and agony, without trenching on the physically painful.

We have already spoken of the warm friend Miss Hosmer made for herself, during her winter at St. Louis, in the head of a family at whose house she was a guest. This gentleman, as a God-speed to the young artist on her journey to Rome, sent her, on the eve of departure, an order to a large amount for the first figure she should model, leaving her entirely free to select her own time and subject. A statue of Œnone was the result, which is now in the house of Mr. Crow, at St. Louis, and which gave such satisfaction to its possessor and his fellow-townsmen that an order was forwarded to Miss Hosmer for a statue for the Public Library at St. Louis, on the same liberal and considerate terms. Beatrice Cenci, exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and which won so many golden opinions from critics and connoisseurs, was on its way to St. Louis, in fulfilment of this order.

The summers in Rome are, as every one knows, trying to the natives, and full of danger to foreigners. Dr. Hosmer having seen his daughter finally settled, returned to America, leaving her with strict injunctions to seek some salubrious spot in the neighboring mountains for the summer, if indeed she did not go into Switzerland or England. Rome, however, was the centre of attraction; and, after the first season, which was spent at Sorrento, on the bay of Naples, Miss Hosmer could not be prevailed upon to go out of sight and reach of its lordly dome and noble treasures of art. The third summer came, and, listening to the advice of her friends, and in obedience to the express wish of her father, she made arrangements for a visit to England. The day was settled, trunks were packed, she was on the eve of departure, when a letter from America arrived, informing her of heavy losses sustained by her father, which must necessitate retrenchment in every possible way, a surrender of her career in Rome and an immediate return home. The news came upon her like a thunderbolt. Stunned and bewildered, she knew not at the moment what to do. An only child, and hitherto indulged in every whim and caprice, the position was indeed startling and perplexing. The surrender of her art career was the only thing which she felt to be impossible; whatever else might come, that could not, should not be. And now came into play that true independence of character which hitherto had shown itself mostly in wild freaks and tricks. Instead of falling back upon those friends whose means she knew would be at her disposal in this emergency, she despatched a messenger for the young sculptor who had shown the daguerreotypes to Mr. Gibson, and who, himself dependent upon his professional exertions, was, she decided, the fittest person to consult with as to her own future career. He obeyed the hasty summons, and found the joyous, laughing countenance he had always known, pale and changed, as it were, suddenly, from that of a young girl to a woman full of cares and anxieties. He could scarcely credit the intelligence, but the letter was explicit, the summons home peremptory. "Go I will not," was the only coherent resolution he found; so the two laid their heads together. Miss Hosmer was the owner of a handsome horse, and an expensive English saddle; these were doomed at once. The summer in Rome itself, during which season living there costs next to nothing, was determined upon; and during those summer months Miss Hosmer should model something so attractive that it should ensure a speedy order, and, exercising strict economy, start thence forth on an independent artist career, such as many of those around her with less talent and training managed to carry on with success. No sooner said than done; the trunks were unpacked, the friends she had been about to accompany departed without her, her father's reverses were simply and straightforwardly announced, and she entered at once on the line of industry and economy she and her friend had struck out.

The summer passed away, and neither fever nor any other form of mischief attacked our young friend. She worked hard and modelled a statue of Puck, so full of spirit, originality and fun that it was no sooner finished and exhibited than orders to put it into marble came in. It has since been repeated again and again, and, during the past winter only, three copies have been ordered for England alone; one for the Duke of Hamilton. Thus, fairly started on her own ground, Miss Hosmer has met with that success which talent, combined with industry and energy, never fails to command.

The winter before last, while the Cenci was being put into marble, she was engaged in modelling a monument to the memory of a beautiful young Catholic lady, which is destined for a niche in the Church of San Andreo della Frattee, in the Via Mercede, close upon the Piazza di Spagna. A portrait full length figure of the young girl, life size, reclines upon a low couch. The attitude is easy and natural, and the tranquil sleep of death is admirably rendered in contra-distinction to the warm sleep of life in the Cenci.

Miss Hosmer has been engaged, during the winter just past, in modelling a fountain, for which she has taken the story of Hylas descending for water, when, according to mythology, he is seized upon by the water nymphs and drowned. Hylas forms the crown of the pyramid, while the nymphs twined round its base, with extended arms, seek to drag him down into the water below, where dolphins are spouting jets which interlace each other; a double basin, the upper one supported by swans, receives the cascade.

At the present moment, this talented and enterprising young artist is working upon a half life size statue of Zenobia, in preparation for next winter, when it is to be modelled even larger than life, and is already bespoken for America. She is also just finishing a pendant to Puck, Will-o'-the-Wisp, which is wholly indescribable, and is said to be superior even to Puck.

For The Standard.

TO THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

O THOU, whose heart hast known, with joy,
The song affection sings,
Behold, and all a mother's heart,
The curse which slavery brings.

Go, fondly clasp thy tender babe,
And fold it to thy breast—
Press to thy warm maternal heart,
And lull it there to rest.

Note each fond look of budding love,
Each half-express'd desire—
Behold, and, with a mother's love,
Its every act admire.

Let day by day its tiny form
Cling closer round thy heart,
Until affection's tender ties
An untold joy impart.

Then think, with all thy burning love,
A master's hand, this day,
With slavery's fiendish grasp, may tear
Thy precious babe away—

That chains, and stripes, and cruel wrongs
Must be its earthly lot,
Uncar'd for by the busy world.
By "Christian men" forgot;

And know that, while its lovely form
Shall feel oppression's pain,
Its guiltless soul must feel the blight
Of slavery's pois'nous stain.

Then canst thou faintly feel the pangs
So often felt by those
Who, born beneath oppression's yoke,
Are crush'd beneath its woes.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A GERMAN writer has essayed to give us the notation of the song of the nightingale, or rather an imitation of the sounds in words, which, though they fail to give an idea of the notes to one who has never heard them, are perfectly traceable by such as know the song well, and are correct as to the order of succession. Daines Barrington has recorded the names by which the English bird-fanciers of the last century distinguished every separate note of the song, many of them being almost identical in sound with those of the German essayist. Most of the names mentioned by Barrington are still in use among connoisseurs, and are very expressive, especially the "Jug," as applied to a note which, in a clear and brilliant tone, repeats the sound "Djung! djug! djug! djug!" sometimes as many as sixty or seventy times, finishing with a brilliant shake or rattle. Then there is the "Sweet jug," being a similar note in a more finely-drawn and sweeter tone; then follow the "Bell-pipe," the "Scroty," the "Rattle," the "Pipe-rattle," and the "Water-bubble," the last being a delicious note, resembling the trickling of water through a deep and narrow channel in a brook when swollen by a summer shower. The names of many other notes are recorded; but I do not recollect that the one known by the present race of fanciers as the "Doane," or "Done" is mentioned. It is one of the most characteristic, and the most entirely unlike anything in the song of other birds. It commences in a deep, rich, contralto tone, long drawn out, and getting gradually fainter: then it is repeated half a tone higher, and rises a semitone each repetition, till a brilliant pitch of the voice is reached; when it suddenly quits the plaintive *adagio* in which the gradual rising was performed, and bursts into a short brilliant cadence that gushes forth like the last notes of a passionate *bravura*, or like one of those glittering codas of Beethoven that terminate suddenly, with a few daring notes, some wild and fantastic *scherzo*.

With regard to singing only at night, I can state from my own experience that the nightingale sings with the greatest power and brilliancy at about nine in the morning; but so many other birds are then joining in the woodland concert, that only experienced connoisseurs stay to distinguish the melody of the nightingale from the general buzz of song, though it is, in fact, distinct enough, rising above the accompanying chorus like the notes of a *prima donna*, whose brilliant and passionate bursts of declamation ring out clear and distinct above all accompanying sounds of voice or orchestra. It is not, as Barrington ingeniously observes, that part of the charm of the song arises from being heard at night, when all other birds are silent, but that then it receives its chief attention from those who are ignorant of the fact that the night-song of the nightingale is not its only song, and, in fact, only a continuation of the one generally commenced shortly before twilight.

Occasionally, in the warm, still, balmy evenings of high summer, the nightingale will burst into a new song after dark, which, however, seldom continues later than eleven o'clock, though on such evenings I have heard occasional brief outbursts till after midnight, when, on account of the general stillness, it is heard for a considerable distance; for the volume of sound, it has been calculated, fills something more than a mile in diameter, or quite as much as the human voice. Our great surgeon, the celebrated William Hunter, and more recently Dr. Troschel, in his essay on the muscles of the throat in singing-birds, sought to account for this extraordinary power in so small a bird by anatomical investigation, and found that the muscular tissues of the throat were much stronger in proportion to its size in the nightingale than in any other bird.

For The Standard

LINES

Written for the fly-leaf of Wilson's Ornithology.

HERE, through a golden gateway, thou
Shalt enter into a land of sun,
Where, with their songs of the woods and fields,
The wandering minstrels have never done.

And ere the blood-root's snowy buds,
Through the last year's leaves the ground that strew,
Have burst, amid the sunny rain,
Whose gold drops stream through the April blue,

There's a sudden flash of azure wings,
Anon a vernal warble there—
The bluebird has returned again,
The swallows twitter in the air.

And soon the old, familiar notes
The bobolink of yore hath sung,
Linked like gems in a jewelled chain,
Are heard by the winding Manaiung.

Troubadour of sunniest climes,
Pouring wildly his poet's lay—
But with his rhymes and merry chimes,
He flees away with the green-robed May.

Wherever she holds her Court of Love,
Him with his lute-throat we may find,
And his Provençal roundelay,
Leaving the summer far behind,

Where the dove sits deep in the moveless oak,
And with the heat is panting there,
And the song-sparrow trills his lay
Out in the hot and quivering air.

While all things else are still as sleep
Around and in the silent sky,
And soft, deep shadows in each tree
Like a green twilight richly lie.

Till, a fringe of foam on the emerald waves,
The wind the silvery leaves turns up,
Where the green and fragrant walnuts hang
By the side of the acorn's bossy cup.

The mountain-clouds they lie afar
But vast, in the sunshine's arrowy glint,
A lengthening range in the distance lost,
Stainless and white as the snowy flint;

Like those grand piles that tower on high
By the far lakes and streams of Berne,
Or over the quiet Bodensee—
In Uri or in wild Lucerne.

And scarce a sign in earth or sky
Marks how the gliding hours may go,
Till the dial-shades of the meadow-trees
Tell that the evening sun is low,

And the wood-thrush chaunts his vespers far
In the cloistered forest still and cool,
His speckled breast and the slender spray
Pictured clear in the limpid pool.

Like the spent waves on the silent shore,
The day-beats pulse in the dying year;
But still the warm sun's mellow smile
Lights up the fields and the woodlands sere.

Then overhead, in trembling lines,
The waterfowl his followers steers
To surf-beat southern shores, on wings
Wet with the dews of distant meres.

Here, through a golden gateway, thou
Shalt enter this land of song and sun,
Where, with their lays of the woods and fields,
The wandering minstrels have never done.

H. W. G.

OLD BIBLE.—Speaking of old Bibles, there is one now in the city of New London, Conn., which is remarkable not only for its antiquity, but for its early history. It claims to be the identical book that Rev. John Rogers, the Martyr, owned; and after the persecution of Mary, concealed in a bed, to keep it from being destroyed by the minions of Gardiner and Bonner. The Martyr, who was burnt 303 years ago, gave it to his oldest son. The posterity of that son removed to America in 1635, bringing the Martyr's Bible with them. In this wilderness it was kept as an amulet to keep off the devil and the Indians. When its owner, James Rogers, travelled, he wore it in his bosom, and when he slept, at night, it was his pillow. It was the light of his log cabin and the instructor of his children. It descended from James, through three generations of the same name, to Judith Rodgers, who married Thomas Potter, of Hopkinton, Rhode Island, and has now been in the possession of the Potter family about 100 years. This family claim also the direct Rogers descent through Judith Rogers, wife of Thomas. Its present owner lives at Potter Hill, R. I.; but the Bible is, for a time, in the hands of Daniel Rogers, Esq., of New London. It contains the New Testament, Psalms, and part of the Liturgy of the English Church in the reign of Edward VI. It is not divided into verses, and its division into chapters differs from King James's Translation. It is Mathew's or Cranmer's Bible.

Mystic River, Aug. 20, 1858. —*Journal of Commerce.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—It is a fine remark of Rousseau's, that the best of us differ from others in fewer particulars than we agree with them in. The difference of a tall and short man is only a few inches, whereas they are both several feet high. So a wise and learned man knows many things of which the vulgar are ignorant; but there is a still greater number of things the knowledge of which they share in common with him.—*Hazlitt.*

——OLE BULL'S VIOLIN.—The violin which Ole Bull uses in his concerts is of very considerable value. It was made in 1562, by Gaspard de Salo, by order of Cardinal Aldobrandi (afterwards Clement VIII.), and is ornamented with chasings by Benvennuto Cellina. The Cardinal gave the instrument to the Treasury of Inspruck, but in 1809 it fell into the possession of a French soldier, who sold it to Dr. Paganini, brother of the celebrated violinist, and he bequeathed it on his death-bed to Ole Bull.

——Intellectual Cowardice is the only form of that vice which is at all common in this country, but it prevails to a lamentable degree. Most writers are so nervous about the tendency of their books, and the social penalties of an orthodox opinion are so severe, and are exacted in so unsparing a manner, that philosophy, criticism, and science itself, too often speak amongst us in ambiguous whispers what ought to be proclaimed from the house tops.—*Edinburgh Reviewer, on Buckle, April Number*, p. 47.

——QUAKER LADIES.—Professor Blackie, in his work on "Beauty," says: "The Quaker matron generally carries with her that serene atmosphere of moral repose which with a gay and flaunting vesture would be a discord; but a young Quaker lady, in the most sportive season of life, full of laughing fancies and fluttering sensibilities, being pinned up in a plain gray boddice, is as great a mistake in its way as a minister of the gospel or a grave philosopher would be in a harlequin's coat; and therefore I have observed that young ladies of that sect, especially when they are pretty and lively, do not at all affect the severe costume."

——A writer in the current number of *Blackwood* believes that story-telling may be made additionally effective as an art by reviving the old plan of oral recitation. Mr. Dickens has made the reading of his works almost a new art, but the writer in *Blackwood* would have the unpublished stories read: "Suppose Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens, instead of monthly numbers yellow and green, had a monthly assembly, and gave forth the story to a visible public, moved by all the visible emotions over which these magicians exercise their subtle power—would not that be an experiment sufficient to invigorate with all its pristine force the flagging serial—possibly even by the prompt criticism of the audience to bestow a certain benefit upon the tale? And even if an attempt on such a great scale were impracticable, what should hinder us from getting our Christmas stories at first hand, before print had yet made them common, or criticism breathed upon their virginal fair fame?"

——"Lacqueys, liveries, footmen—the old society," says the Author of "The Virginians," "was encumbered with a prodigious quantity of these. Gentlemen or women could scarce move without one, sometimes two or three, vassals in attendance. Every theatre had its footman's gallery; an army of the liveried race bustled round every chapel door; they swarmed in ante-rooms; they sprawled in halls and on landings; they guzzled, devoured, debauched cheated, played cards, bullied visitors for vails—that noble old race of footmen is well-nigh gone. A few thousand of them may still be left among us. Grand, tall, beautiful, melancholy, we still behold them on levee days, with their nosegays and their buckles, their plush and their powder. So have I seen in America specimens, nay camps and villages of Red Indians. But the race is doomed. The fatal decree has gone forth, and Uncas with his tomahawk and eagle's plume, and Jeames with his cocked hat and long cane, are passing out of the world where they once walked in glory."

——DISCOVERY OF A CHEST OF OLD COINS.—The *Court Journal* has the following:

"A most extraordinary discovery, which, for obvious reasons, is sought to be kept a profound secret, has taken place in an old ruined house at Iriel. An immmense chest, full of gold and silver coins of English stamp, has been found concealed in one of the cellars, where it had been carefully walled up. From the documents contained likewise in the chest, it has become evident that the house was once inhabited by Bolingbroke, who must have lain concealed here during the period wherein his whereabouts has always remained a puzzle to biographers and historians. In one of his letters, he mentions that 'his retreat is convenient to the Seine.' And the house in question is found to possess a subterranean passage leading down to the water's edge. The money is evidently the result of the subscription raised by the party of the Pretender, for want of which the latter was prevented from striking a decisive blow."

——THE COMMON SMOOTH ANEMONE.—This is a capital species for an aquarium, as it will bear travelling, and is very hardy, enduring extremes of heat and cold bravely, but perishing immediately in pure fresh water. A rather remarkable circumstance connected with these creatures occurred some little time ago. A gentleman had brought some of them to town with him, and had been examining them in company with a friend. After the examination, supper was brought by an unsophisticated servant, and removed by the same individual. While the table was being cleared the servant asked what was to be done with the anemones, and was told to put them carefully away in a jug. Now the only jug at that time on the table was a jug containing porter, and into that jug the anemones were severally dropped. About a fortnight afterwards, the anemones were again called into requisition, and the jug demanded. Great was the astonishment of their owner to see the porter jug produced, and still greater when he found the creatures were still living. They have also been known to live in soap-suds for a considerable time.—*The Common Objects of the Sea-shore.*

——INSINCERE CONFORMITY.—"When I was once talking," says Whiston, "with the Lord Chief Justice King, one brought up among the Dissenters at Exeter, under a most religious, Christian and learned education, we fell into a debate about signing Articles which we did not believe, for preferment, which he openly justified, and pleaded for it that we must not lose our usefulness for scruples. I replied, that I was sorry to hear his lordship say so, and desired to know whether in their Courts they allowed of such prevarication or not? He answered, they did not allow of it; which produced this rejoinder from me: 'Suppose God Almighty should be as just in the next world as my Lord Chief Justice is in this, where are we then?' To which he made no answer. And to which the late Queen Caroline added, when I told her the story, 'Mr. Whiston, no answer was to be made to it.'" Well might such examples make honest Whiston think "how wisely our blessed Savior put in that petition into the Lord's Prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation.'" Well might he repeat the lesson, "*Excat aula qui vole esse pius*", and well may we remember that our dangers are precisely the same.—*London Inquirer.*

——HIGHWAYMEN IN 1750.—There were probably more highwaymen at this time than in any earlier period of our history. The roads were infested with discarded warriors, who, being prevented from making war on the French, now levied war on their countrymen. At noonday, in Hyde park, and even in Piccadilly, carriages were stopped, and pistols presented at the breasts of the most fashionable people. Lady Albermarle, Miss Pelham, Mrs. Talbot, Sir Thomas Robinson, Lord Eglinton and Horace Walpole, all suffered from the depredations of a single highwayman, M'Lean, who was this year taken and executed. So eager were persons of all classes to see him that 3,000 persons visited him one day after his condemnation, and he fainted away three times in his cell from the oppressive heat of the staring multitude. An extraordinary proclamation of £100 reward was issued by the government for the apprehension of every highwayman. It was not safe to venture out after dark. Travellers were armed in broad daylight, as though they were going to battle.—*Life and Times of Edmund Burke.*

——ARY SCHEFFER'S LEGACY TO HIS NATIVE TOWN.—The museum of Dordrecht (Holland) has just received a letter from the executors of the late M. Ary Scheffer, informing them that the great artist has bequeathed to his native town the following works of art: The portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Scheffer; a dog lying down, life size, by the same; a copy of the picture of "Christ Rémunérateur," on pasteboard, of the size of the original in England; and a copy of the picture of "Christ Consolateur," both by the deceased painter; the statue in plaster representing the mother of Scheffer, and executed by the painter; a plaster bust of his mother, executed by himself; the bust of Ary Scheffer, by his daughter; and the "Virgin and Infant Jesus," in plaster, by himself. There are only three copies of this in plaster, and none in marble. After the death of the daughter of M. Ary Scheffer, the statue and bust of his mother, and the bust of himself, which are copies of the originals in marble, are to be destroyed and replaced by the originals now in the possession of the daughter. The town of Dordrecht, proud of having given birth to so celebrated an artist, proposes to erect a statue to his memory, and a committee has been formed to carry out the project.

——A LETTER OF NELL GWYN'S.—The Nell Gwyn letter, to which last week we directed attention, was sold on Tuesday last for thirteen pounds. An extract or two will amuse the reader. After telling her correspondent (Lawrence Hyde, the second son of the great Lord Chancellor) that she can "hold" no longer to let him know that she has "never been in any company without drinking his health, for I love you with all my soule," she continues: "The Pelmell is to me now a dismale place since I have lost Sir Car Scrope, never to be recovered againe, for he tould me he could not live always at this rate, and so begune to be a little uncevil, which I could not sufer from an ugly baux garscon. Lord Dorset apiers wonse in three months, for he drinks all with Shadwell and Mr. Harris at the Duke's house all day long." After mentioning Lord Burford and Lord Beauclere, she concludes thus: "We are agoing to supe with the King at Whitball, and my Lady Harvie, the King remembers his sarvis to you. Now let us talk of State Affaires, for we never carried things so cunningly as now, for we don't know whether we shall have piece or war, but I am for war, and for no other reason but that you may come home. I have a thousand merry conceits but I can't meke her write um, and therefore you must take the will for the deed. Good bye, your most loving obedient faithfull & humble Servent, E. G." Sir Carr Scrope, or Scroop, was a poet and gallant; Shadwell is the well-known dramatist; Harris is the actor at the Duke's Theatre so often mentioned in "Pepys's Diary."—*Illustrated London News.*

——A MAN OF FASHION EIGHTY YEARS AGO.—The man of fashion of this period was a compound of effeminacy and affectation. He painted and perfumed like a woman. His toilet occupied a great proportion of his time; his dress was of the most costly materials, and the most fantastic patterns. Silks and brocades, embroidery, gold lace, and jewelry, adorned his person, both in morning and evening costume. He seldom stirred abroad on foot, except to take a turn in the Mall; and if he had to cross the street only from his lodging to a tavern, he was conveyed in a chair. Gaming was his chief employment, gallantry occupied the hours which could be spared from dress and play. He had made the grand tour, and, consequently, knew the world. Of books he knew little or nothing. Men of education he called "pigs" and "pedants." The only literature which he cultivated was plays, novels, lampoons, or tracts in ridicule of religion. Such were the beaux and fribbles of the time of Anne and of the Hanover succession. The reader who would know more of the manners and conversation of this class will find their affectation and ignorance, their profligacy, insolence, and innanity, sketched, without exaggeration, in the "Foppington" of Cibber,